

fluff'n'nutter

a xine about fluff and nutter

september/october 1999

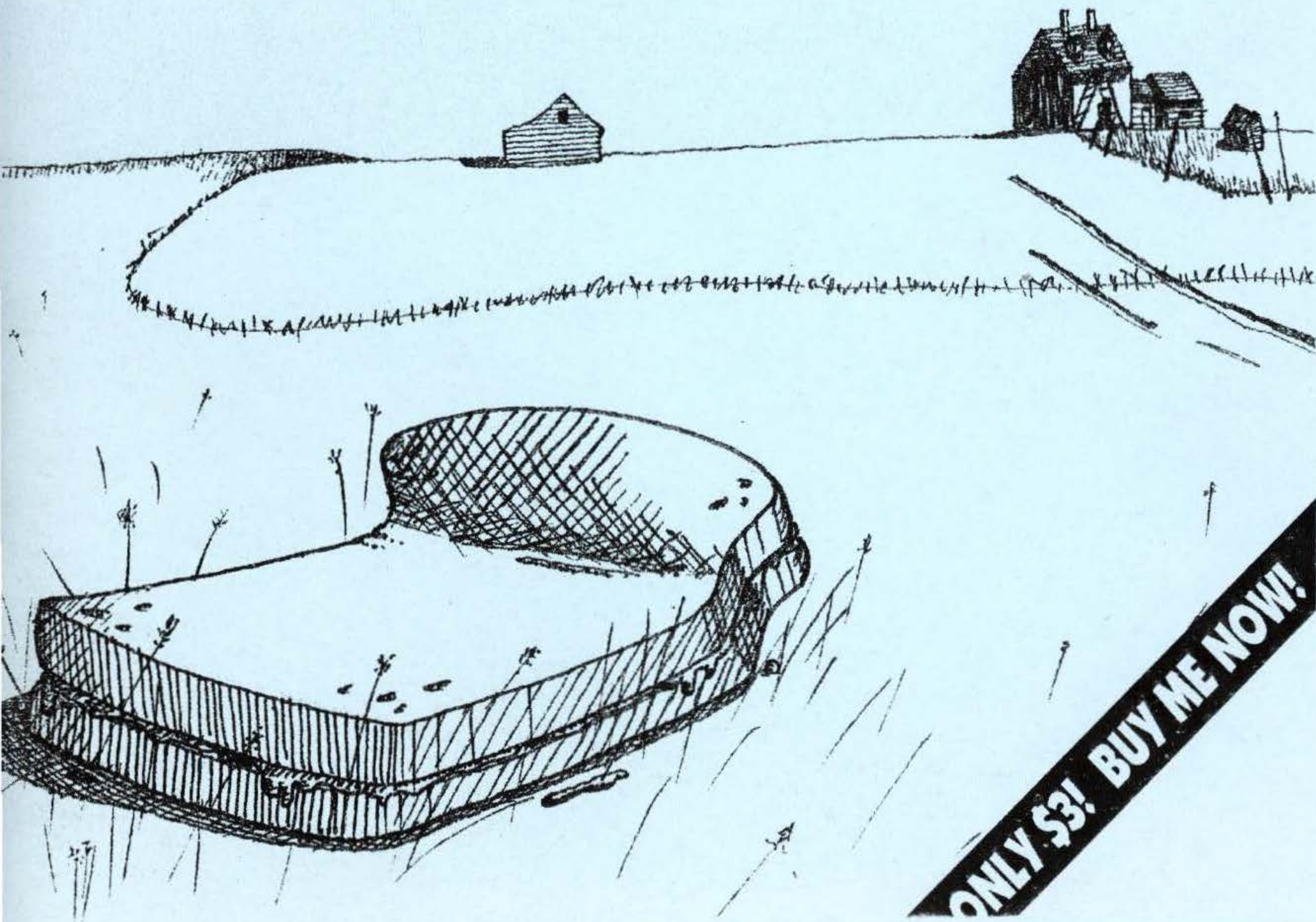
In this issue:

Short Stories from Nancy Agabian & Mike Albo

An Escapade with the Flufferazzi

Reports on NoLita and Hipness in L.A.

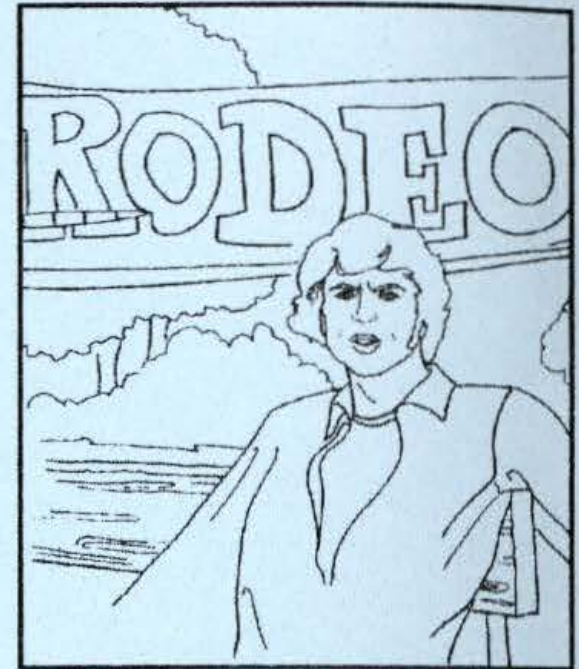
Poetry, Style, Cartoons and more



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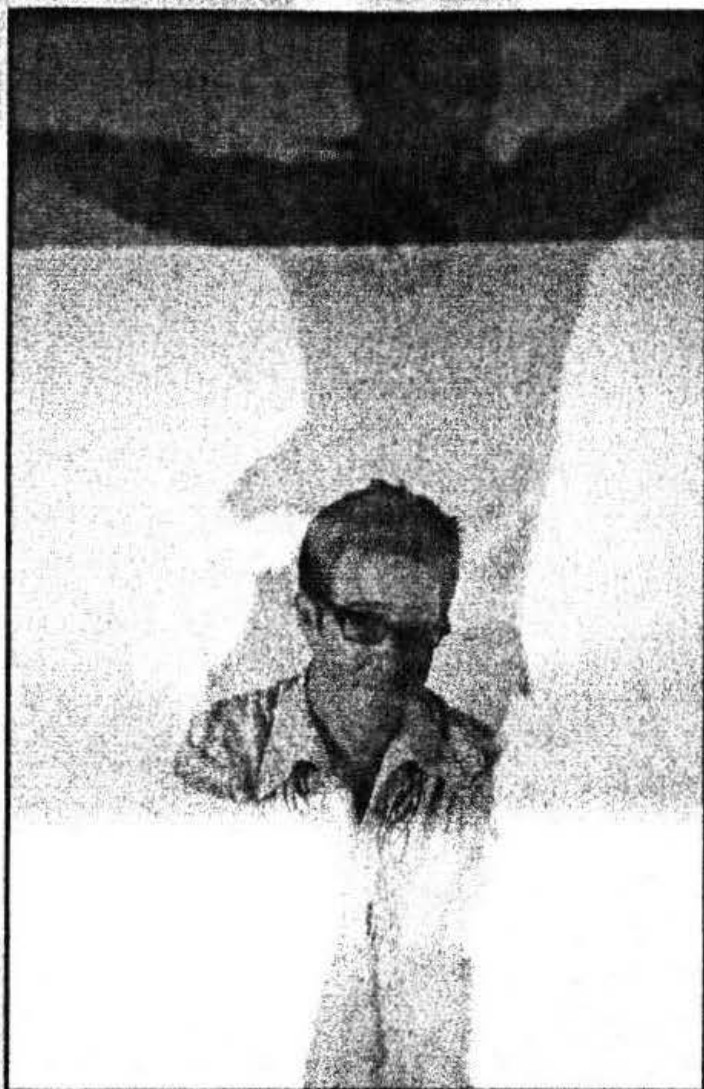
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other stuff scattered throughout. enjoy.



Your humble editor. Photo by Nick Arens.

a note from the **editor**

Welcome to the second issue of Fluff'n'Nutter (aka FnN). If you are a repeat customer, thank you. If you are new, welcome, and order a back issue today. Instructions on how to do this are on the back page.

Fluff'n'Nutter (aka FnN) has entered the scene to propose to the world that life is chock full of Fluff'n'Nutter (aka FnN). Fluff'n'Nutter (aka FnN) says that fluff and nutter, if present in greater quantities in our lives, would lead to a universe at peace with itself.

If more of us (not "you," but "us") read Fluff'n'Nutter (aka FnN) they would be happier as well. And treat each other better. Basically I am the solution to the world's problems. Consider this as you enjoy Issue Two.

And consider becoming a part of the Fluff'n'Nutter (aka FnN) family. Through purchase of an advertisement, underwriting of the production of issue 3 (call for details on this fine and reasonably priced philanthropic comitment), purchase of a back issue, or through the submission of a letter to the editor, article, story, play, cartoon, and so on.

My friends, make more friends by reading, eating and becoming Fluff'n'Nutter (aka FnN).

With compassion,

David Dratewka

My family was living in Los Feliz when I first started grade school in 1977. We lived on Gainsborough Avenue, just down the hill from the Griffith Observatory. I was five and my older sister Tricia was six. We attended Mother of Good Counsel on Vermont, not too far from our house.

It was a hazy day in Los Angeles on this particular weekday afternoon. Parked cars lined the street. Tricia, our neighbor Mary and I were walking home on Vermont wearing our blue and green plaid, uniform jumpers with white button-up oxfords. To amuse ourselves on our walk home, we played the license plate game, checking out the cars for out-of-state plates.

"Oregon!," screamed Tricia, hitting Mary and I.

"Hey, not so hard. That hurt," I said, rubbing my shoulder.

"You're such a baby, wait until I get you," Mary warned.

"I don't want to play anymore," crossing my arms as I quickly walked ahead.

"Your sister can be such a brat sometimes," Mary said to Tricia while I stomped away. "You don't know the half of it... Nevada!" Tricia hit Mary again.

"No fair, I wasn't paying attention"

"Oh boohoo, look who's complaining now. Let's get my sister."

About half a block ahead, I stopped to tie my shoelaces when I looked up and was consumed by the vision in front of me. There he was, just standing there in all his glory, in an apartment garage on Vermont on a weekday afternoon. He was beautiful. His skin was intensely pale, without any visible scars or imperfections, while his long brown hair and beard looked like they hadn't been washed for days. And, he was completely naked. I'd never seen him that way in any pictures or movies about him. I was in awe.


He wasn't aware that I was watching him, which confused me. His picture on my parents' dresser at home never left me alone. No matter where I was in the their room his eyes followed mine. Now, he wouldn't even look at me. It appeared that he must have lost something because he was picking through all sorts of trash in the dumpsters. I wondered what it might be.

My sister was heading up the sidewalk, so I called out to her. "Tricia! Look, there's..." pointing at him. Tricia and Mary looked up the street wondering what I was so excited by, then they just started running toward me.

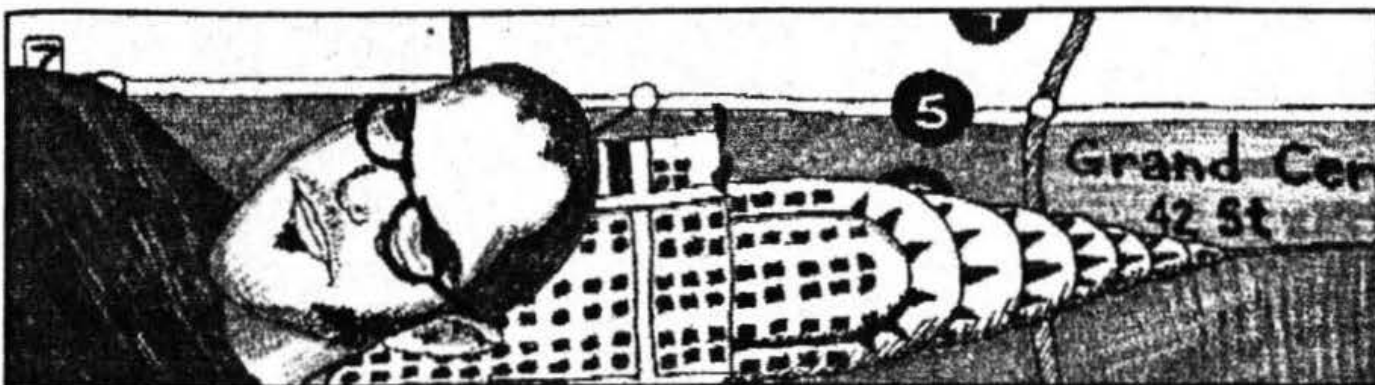
Seconds later, Tricia reached me and automatically put her hand over my eyes.

"But, Tricia, it's..."

"Shut up, we're going home."

I tried to fight her off but she and Mary took both my hands and dragged me up the street. I took one more look over my shoulder. He was still rummaging through the trash. And all I kept thinking as I was being hauled away against my will, was no one told me Jesus was a bum. 

Teena Apeles is the editor of, and contributor to a collection of pieces by Los Angeles artists and writers entitled, "The Deck of Chance," which will be (crossing her fingers) available this fall.




new york style scene

f r o m c o r r e s p o n d e n t C h l o e H o w a r d

So I must admit one thing - New York City in the summer is to be avoided as much as possible. It seems this year (and probably every year) we have been prone to blackouts, heat waves and random loss of cable. Naturally, I have been away at alternate venues for the past few weeks, basking in the glory of nature for as long as possible. But that now I'm back, I'm determined to prove that there are fun things here (even though I'll be panting and all my makeup will have run off my face by the time I get there).

So let's talk about the new SoHo - "NoLita", as it's called, the lingo for North of Little Italy. The trendy neighborhood exists actually on the borders of Little Italy, Chinatown, SoHo, the West Village and the Lower East Side. This whole area, apparently once quite trashy, has given birth to a placenta-- I mean plethora-- of lovely little boutiquey shops and bars.

I haven't been doing too much shopping since I'm poor from my weeks out of the city, so I'll let you decide which of those **Daryl K**-esque hot spots works best for you. Happily, I did manage to scrape together enough pennies to sip a martini at the **M & R Bar** (Elizabeth Street, between Houston and Prince.) You will love the cool air-conditioning, nice dark hardwood floors, and the cool cherry barstools. The décor is somewhat retro, but not in an offensive way (much like the clientele). The bathrooms are also clean and nice, and I was overjoyed to find out they proudly feature the Softsoap Aquarium Series. Go and pay them a visit, won't you?

On the subject of scraping together a few pennies, in case you want to go out but don't care to pay a \$20 cover and you're not my sister (who seems to know every promoter in this city) check out **Naked Lunch**. It's a very hip lounge with all kinds of favorites spinning throughout the evening, and on Friday nights the cover is only \$5!!!! What a deal! It's like finding a Diesel denim jacket at **Filene's Basement**! There are two bars for your drinking pleasure, and the gent at the back bar makes a sweet and fruity shot he calls "The Red Devil". On our visit, the first one was on him. Oh, how I do appreciate that sort of gesture. So head on down to Naked Lunch. But pee before you get there - there is only one ghetto bathroom and always a huge line. 

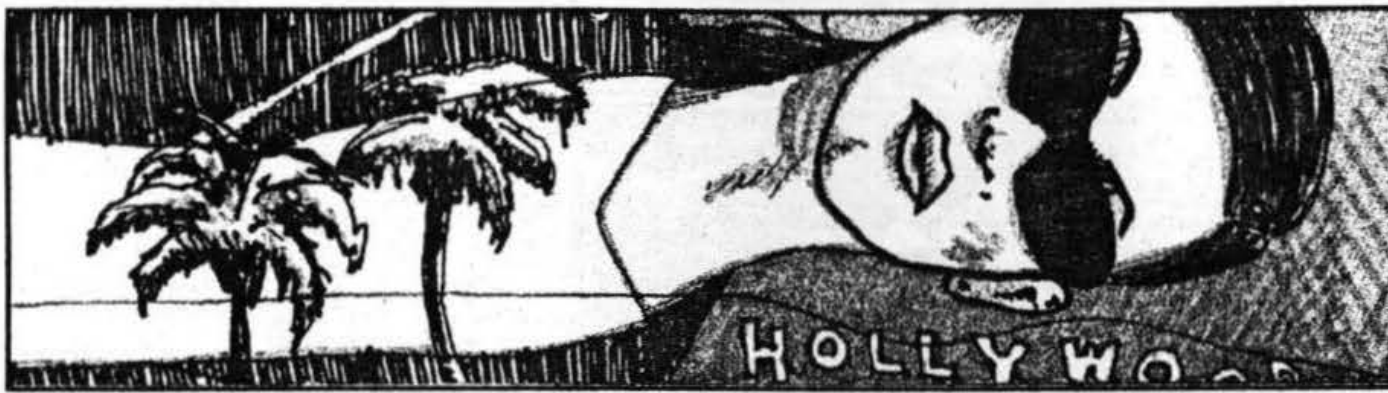
F&N Guide

M&R Bar 264 Elizabeth Street between Houston and Price, 212/226-0559

Naked Lunch 17 Thomson Street at Grand, 212/343-0828

Filene's Basement 620 6th Avenue between 18th and 19th Streets, 212/620-3100

Daryl K 2 Stores including 208 East 6th Street, 212/475-1255



l.a. style scene


f r o m e d i t o r D a v i d D r a t e w k a

Hipness is it's own living, breathing creature in Los Angeles. Self-created and self-maintained. It is naked and it smells good. Hipness in other cities is more of an ephemeral quality. In LA you can taste it.

One of the things we live for is the Sunset Junction street festival in Silverlake where leather daddies meet young hip alterna-homos, Latina and Filipina families ride the carnival rides and aging rockers suck down beer. This year the Junction was particularly exciting thing because the street was newly paved. And because of the hip new restaurants like Eat Well and Cafe Stella (see page 41) and stores that line Sunset Boulevard (like perma-hip **Uncle Jer's**) on the promenade of the Junction itself.

Hipness follows boxy glasses. Hipness retreats from muscle. Hipness finds itself at the one dollar sale every Thursday and Sunday at **Jet Rag** vintage clothing store, where you can find my entire wardrobe for \$40.

Hipness is slowly retreating from Silverlake, and will move into Atwater Village in 2000. Slightly further east, slightly less cool breeze; more open unexplored retail space; not apartments, but duplexes. Hipness thus enters 1950's lower-middle class suburbia. Bars like the working-class haven **Club Tee Yee** typify the current stakeholders. A mix between white, Armenian and Latino populates the hood, and you can cruise Glendale Boulevard and grab a pastry, a 40, some vegetarian products at **Ganesha**, catch a eyefull of the Beastie Boys outside their studio and scan the racks at the **Out of the Closet Thrift Store**.

Ricky Martin is not hip, but queer and sexy. Fresh produce is hip. Especially when purchased at the **Hollywood Farmers Market**, each Sunday. Get there early if you want the pickings of the crop. But who cares when you get there if you just want a henna tatoo, a tamale and glaring at rich people from underneath your sunglasses while cruising the bread man. 

F&N Guide

Club Tee Yee 3210 Glendale Boulevard, 323/669-9631

Jet Rag 825 North La Brea, 323/939-0528

Uncle Jer's 4459 Sunset Boulevard, 323/662-6710

Hollywood Farmer's Market Ivar between Sunset and Hollywood, 9 AM - 1 PM.

Out of the Closet Atwater 3160 Glendale Blvd., 323/664-4394

Ganesha Vegetarian Products 3145 1/2 Glendale Blvd., 323/953-9921

AMERICAN MEN

by Barnes

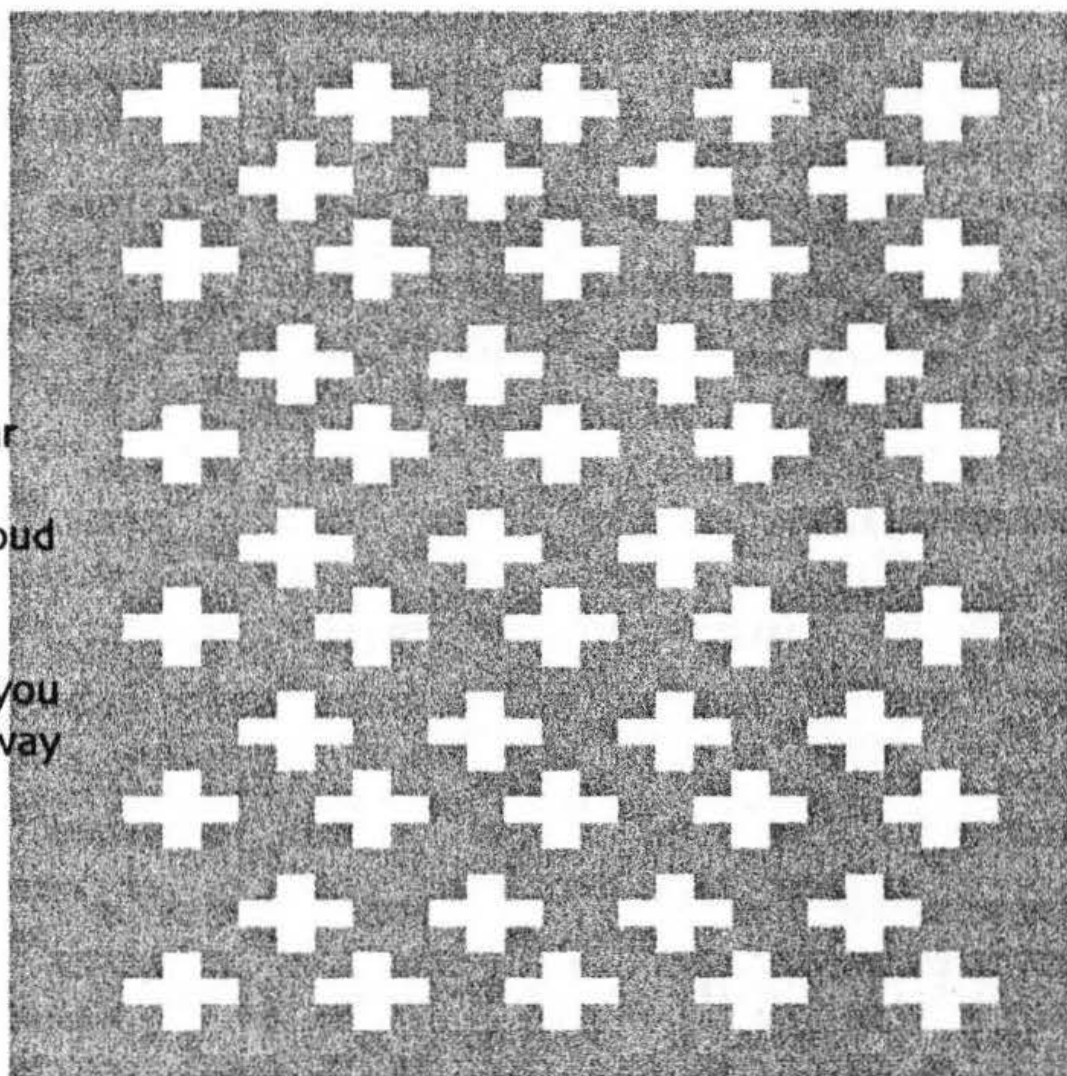
where I stand is in america
an america filled with american men
and those that love them

american men are not as stupid as they appear
they have nice hands
they drive their cars really fast and talk real loud
i like the way they look when they are mad
it makes me laugh
and they have a strange way of saying i love you
it has to do with freedom and the american way
i like dancing to music with american men
american men like to have a good time
arent scared to commit to their pleasure
this is a good quality in a man

where i stand is in america
an america filled with american men
what i love about america
what i love about american men

i like the way american men smell
like hamburgers and beer
and they kiss you so hard it hurts
you always know where you're at with an american man
their ability to fake it is not as well developed
american men seem to trust me
because i dont make them look stupid
they are used to fighting with other men
in the schoolyards and neighborhoods
and across the seas in a war
american men work heavy machines
they pick up and move and move to new towns whenever they want to
where they dont have to explain themselves or make nice
and best of all american men dont care what you think of them
the world is smiling on american men

where I stand is in america
an america filled with american men
and those that love them
what i love about america
what i love about american men



**The moment I let go of it
was the moment I got more than I could handle.**

**The moment I jumped off of it
was the moment I touched down.**



Why I Love Alanis Morissette

Episode Two of Famous People I Love

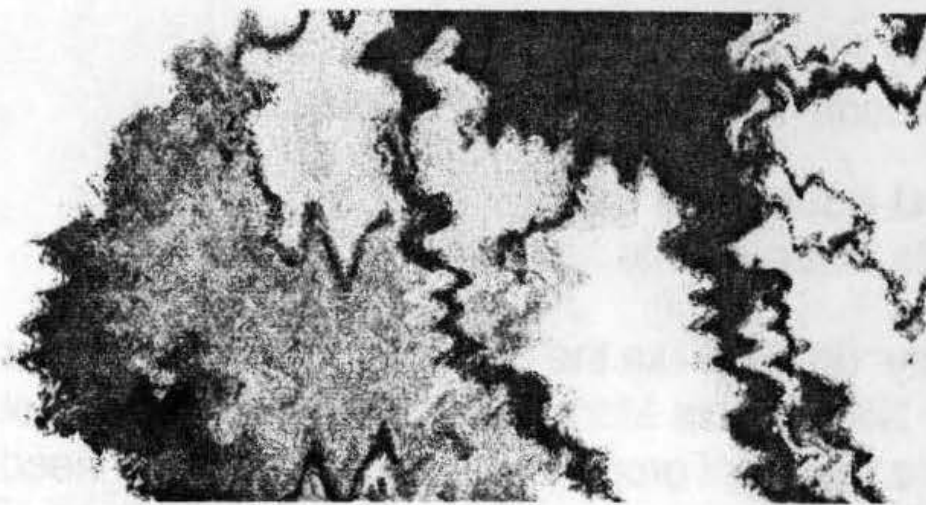
Last issue, Dan Savage

This issue, Alanis Morissette

Why do I feel like the ostracized nerd of the year for liking Alanis Morissette? I feel like I might not be a total cool group drop-out because I still need to double check the spelling of her name. But this feeling has been imposed by my surrounding culture. By the cultural forces at hand. The same ones that won't go see the Matrix and say that musical theatre isn't believable because people just don't break out into song in real life.

I was leaving yoga once talking about this amazing CD that Alanis sings on, called *The Prayer Cycle*, and I suggested to teacher that she get it, because it's amazing. Alanis and James Taylor and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan and Yungchen Lhamo and Salif Keita and Perry Farrell and many other amazing performers are on it, and it's very, well, grounding and meditative and honest and true and can serve as a healthy addition to anyone's CD collection. Another member of the class overheard this and started mocking Alanis. (He made that *fthfuuu* noise by blowing air out the upper right part of his mouth with his upper teeth slightly touching his lower lips. Then he said "Alanis Morissette?" in that amazingly annoying and oh-pretentious-man-why-are-you-in-a-yoga-class-open-your-heart-to-people-that-might-be-moved-by-different-things-than-you-different-thoughts-about-music-aren't-wrong-and-I-bet-you-haven't-even-heard-her-album-open-your-heart-to-Alanis-don't-just-lift-it-to-the-ceiling-in-that-bow-pose-way.)

Then it came out that she'd taken a yoga class at my center once. Suddenly she was not a person who was a singer who'd tried out yoga at this particular center. She was a sellout pop star who

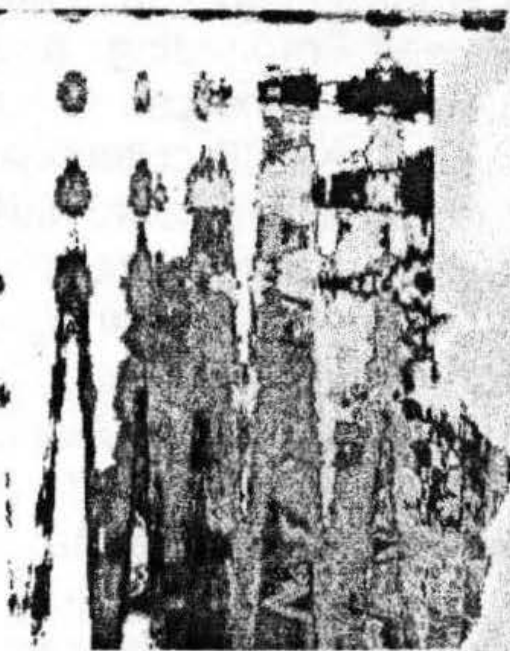
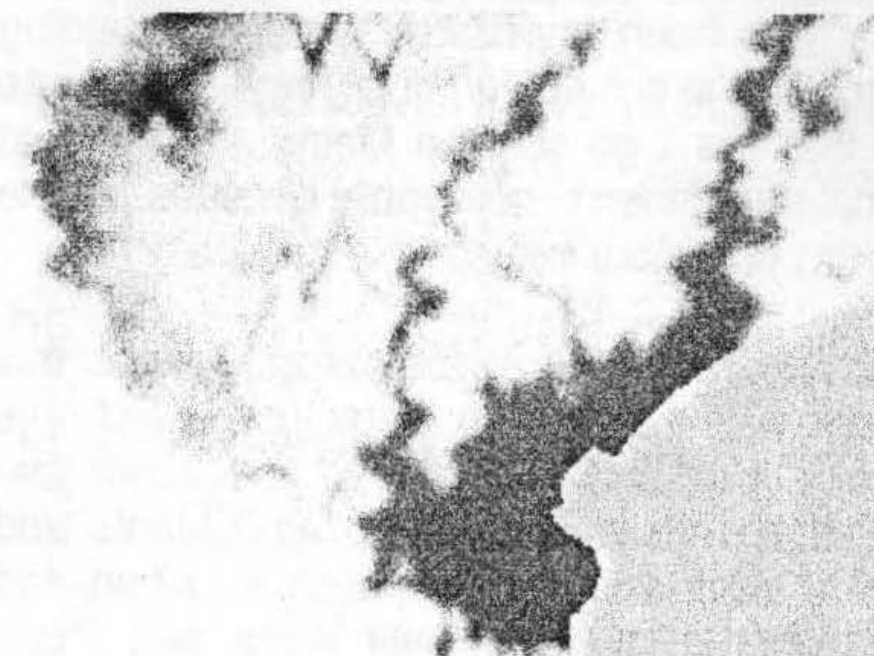


didn't have talent who was slumming it at this small studio because she wanted to be spotted in bohemia and deprecating allusions to Madonna were not far behind. I said that I thought she was a really decent artist, and I found honesty and beauty in her lyrics and how I admired her style of writing her lyrics in a strange but wonderful conversational voice and that her voice is amazing and growing and she herself I identify with in how she is growing as a person and her artist grows within and along side that growth and so on and so on and I didn't really say all of this but I said some version of it and I could have said it all and even just writing this right now I feel, well, like a stupid teenager who doesn't know what real art is just because I find the art of a top-40 teen idol singer to be of quality.

And suddenly my self-perception changes: the thrift store clothing I'm wearing must have come from fancy vintage places and I only drive a 79 Caddy because it makes me alternative and no I did not like Ricky Martin before everyone else did and no I do not belong in this neighborhood. No, I am not an artist. I am a sellout copycat sucka.

Alanis, if you ever read this, I think you are wonderful. I appreciate your study of Hungarian, I appreciate your practice, I appreciate your poetry. I appreciate your recent album; it causes me to smile, think and feel. You're no sell out. You're no teen candy idol. You're talented and, well, just you. You're about my age, and I feel communion with you and your spiritual discoveries. People will analyze you and question you and if they hate you it's jealousy. You speak your heart and you sing your soul. I'd like to work with you some day.

Thanks for your time.



JOINAGE

by Nancy Agabian

An excerpt from *Want*

You shouldn't call Siamese twins "Siamese twins" anymore. The word "Siamese" doesn't describe what they are at all; they aren't necessarily from Thailand. You can still call Siamese cats "Siamese," however. You can call Siamese twins, "conjoined twins." The language keeps getting more and more decent, I just love that. I really do. I love that the language is becoming more accurate and considerate. It is evidence that at least something is.

Anyways, there are these six-year old conjoined twins, I saw them in *Life Magazine*. Girls. They are joined at the waist. They have two torsos, and one pair of legs. Essentially, they are two people from the waist up, and one person from the waist down. They have two heads, and two arms, and then there

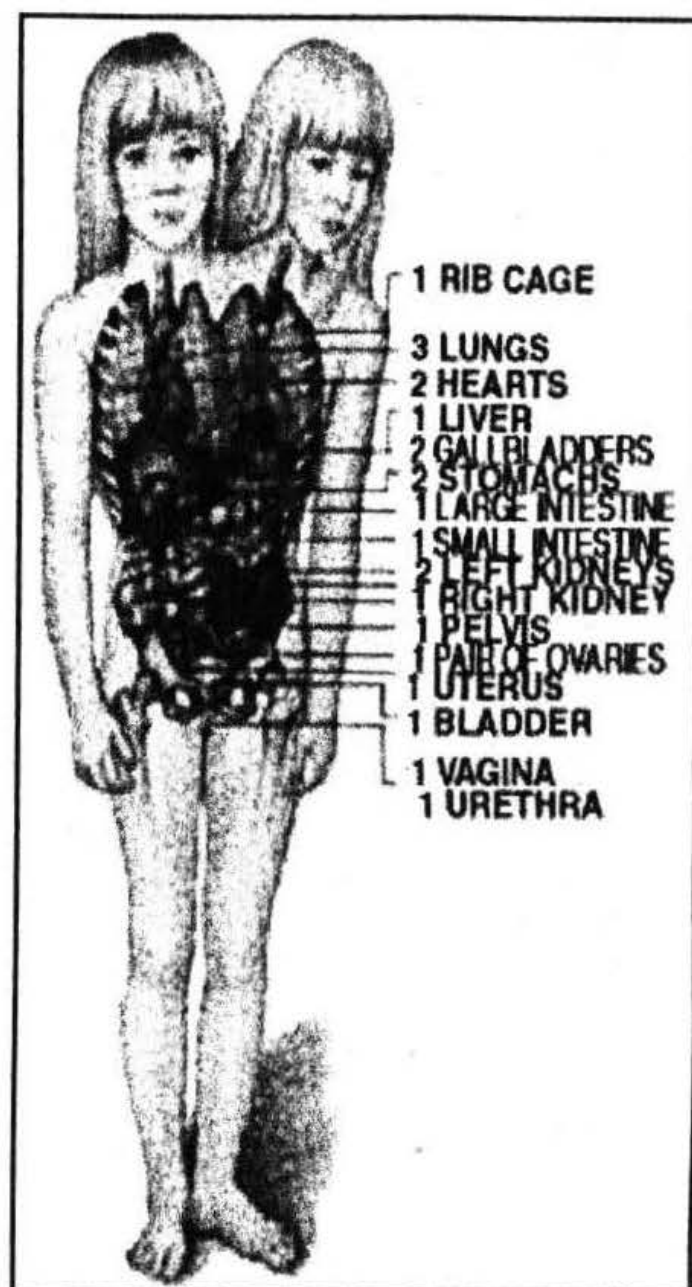
is this medical illustration in the magazine that shows their insides: two hearts, three lungs, four kidneys, three livers, two stomachs, one intestine, and one rib cage. The rib cage is the most incredible and shocking part.

I wasn't expecting it at all. Since they appear to be two people from the waist up, it



would make sense that each torso would have her own separate structure, her own personalized vertebrae. but no. They have this one extra large rib cage that accommodates and encloses all their multiple organs, and it doesn't seem to be under any stress or strain, being extra large and all. It seems perfect. Like someone had it all planned. Like someone got this brilliant idea that two girls should share the inside of one body, so they specially designed this big rib cage to be inhabited, like a cave.

When I first saw the picture of the twins, my first question was, of course, how many vaginas do they have? The twins have one vagina, one uterus, one set of fallopian tubes, and one set of ovaries. Again, all this is mapped out in the medical illustration that *Life* provides. The doctors say that the twins will be able to have a baby someday. Their father is concerned about what will happen to the girls when they get to dating age; he realizes that they are going to be in for a tough time, and that doesn't seem fair, because they are good-looking. *Life Magazine* researched other conjoined twins in history, and found that most of them were able to have spouses and families. The article didn't specify whether these conjoined twins in history had two pairs of legs, however. The conjoined girls in



Life, who live in the Midwest somewhere, who share a pair of legs, are the only known set of conjoined twins ever to share one sex organ.

I feel bad pointing this out; I don't mean to objectify, exploit, or sexualize them. I just want to share my thought process with you, and with all this talk of the conjoined twins getting married and having babies someday, I couldn't help but project onto them, and worry about how they are ever going to find a man. Or a woman. Or two men. Or two women. Or a woman and a man. There's no saying they're going to like the same person, or the same sex when they grow up, even though they are twins and there are all these studies on how genetically predetermined twins' lives really are, even though they have been known to partake in telepathy, even though they are made from the food their two mouths eat, and even though they see similar objects and people passing in front of their four eyes all the time. There are differences between them. They make different choices.

For example, the twins' parents say the one of the right is more of the leader. Her head is more upright than the left head, which joins the body at more of an angle. The one on the right wants to be an airline pilot, and the one on the left wants to be a dentist. The one on the right is right-handed, so she's probably more analytical, while the one on the left is left-handed so she's probably more creative, although I don't know if the left-brain right-brain theory applies here. I think it is more accurate to call them ambidextrous. There is a picture



of them tying their shoelace with the same ease as a one-headed person. And there is another picture of them writing out their own separate homework assignments at the same time. So their brains can choose to work together to operate as one person, or separately to operate as two people. No one really understands how in God's name their two brains can physically function to control one pair of arms, one pair of legs, one vagina.

What is going to happen when they get to the masturbating age? If one is masturbating, and comes, and the other one just lies there, the other one will most definitely feel the orgasm, but will she feel it on the same level of pleasure as her sister? What if the non-masturbatory one is thinking about math class while the other one is masturbating? Will that impede the masturbator's quickness in coming? It gets very confusing.

Chances are, if they are telepathic, they are going to masturbate together. And will they really be masturbating, or will they be lovers? They can kiss each other, and hug each other. Will the one on the right be the top? Will lefty



be the bottom? Will they change roles?

I don't think so. If two people are lovers, they have to be attracted to each other. The twins aren't attracted to each other. They're sisters. Sharing your sex

organ with someone else makes you a lover, and it is assumed the other party will want to share her sex organ with you too, but the twins are forced to share their vagina, the way two people are sometimes forced to share a sleeping bag, or a twin size bed in a guest room far away, or a tiny studio apartment because that's all they can afford.


I think I want to time-share my vagina with another owner. I would finally be connected to the earth if another soul could know exactly what its like to have my clit, my vagina, my wiggly kegel muscles. When people are in love, they want to join their bodies, they want to get inside each other's body. Sometimes this privilege of letting someone into my body has been very hard to negotiate. If I let you




inside my body, you are going to take a little part of me with you every single time until there is nothing left inside of me but you. No more sleeping bag, no more bed, no more home. But the twins don't have this fear. They are the only people on earth who truly know

what it means to love each other and to be joined, to share, to negotiate, and still maintain separate identities.


At some point in evolution we were probably all joined in pairs, just like the conjoined twins of *Life Magazine*. Procreation wasn't an issue. Instead, people roamed the earth until they found their love and when they did, their bodies melded together into one unit and once this process was complete and thorough, they died and went to heaven, where everyone is joined together. Life was simply a preparation for heaven. We learned to join on earth so we could know how to do it properly in the afterlife.

Now we have to start our life by being joined with another person through a cord. I once heard motherhood defined as an endless progressive series of letting more and more of the child go. And this is our test now. To join, and let go, all the while inhabiting separate bodies. And sometimes people get stuck in the test. Because they find they have to separate from someone with whom they had a bad joinage. They can't truly separate and move on and join with another until they fully mourn that bad joinage. But mourning is boring sometimes, not to mention tedious and unpleasant, so some people choose to escape this reality by doing a lot of drugs or watching a lot of TV or creating elaborate romantic fantasies in their head or by becoming involved with political movements. 

Nancy Agabian is a staff contributor to Fluff'n'Nutter. She recently moved from Los Angeles to New York City where she is pursuing graduate education and fame.

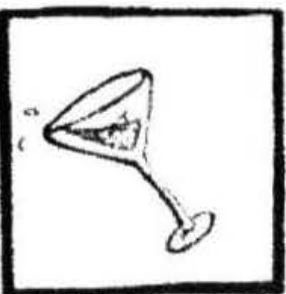
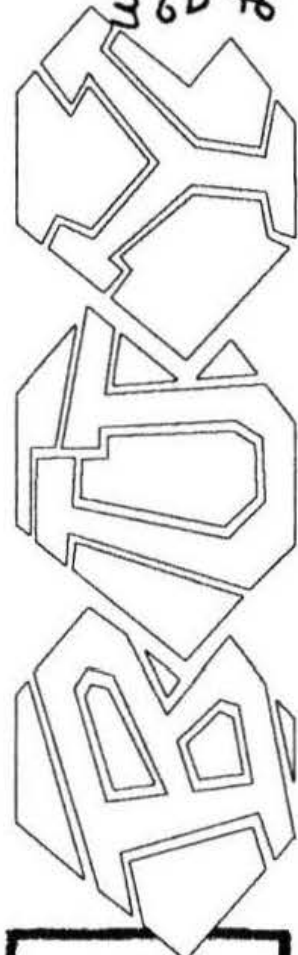


In the last issue of Fluff'n'Nutter, I, the editor, asked four artists who aren't writers to tell me what one of the four seasons (each) meant to them. They were fun. But now it's my turn. It's still summer as I write this. I'm on the lawn in front of my apartment building in Los Angeles, contemplating all the crazy shit that's going on, fighting my worries over paying my bills, trying not to regret things I've said or not said, and then attempting to not see all this fretting as backsliding in my life-long self discovery course. As it ends without my permission, I'm thinking Summer is a time for grounding, for reconnection to self and life and passions and freedom-- freedom from a lot of tangible and intangible things. I really pity the kids in year-round school because they don't have three months to regroup before heading into another year of teach-me-how-to-fit-in education. I just quit my job and so here I am: without money and with a lot of free time on my hands that my fearful brain is trying to fill with chores and tasks; making magazines and theatre-type productions; and considering the rash of gun violence in our nation's schools and what Matthew Shepard's death really said to me. But then, I breathe in and feel myself touching the soft, slightly damp grass in front of my apartment building. As late as June, I thought I was going to be living in New York City right now. But I didn't go. I stalled until I knew it was right. Until this week. Before I could move, I had to realize that what I wanted to find in New York, I had to find in myself: passion, inspiration, change, beauty, mystery, fascination. So instead of moving, I quit my job, bought a car, got a new credit card, bought a computer, and I am having a summer vacation. Grounding, re-grouping. But it's not like high school. It's different. And I don't want it to go away now that it's September. I'm finally doing something with my life that is fulfilling me, is bringing me towards my self. Even as I fight the tumultuous storm of fear and jealousy that rises from within me, I'm learning to believe. I'm learning how to be alone. To like solitude. To trust in silence. To write again with freedom. Dream again with freedom. I've actually taken steps towards my dreams. That's what Summers are about-- doing what you want with your life. People ask me how I'm going to pay my bills. I don't worry-- the Gods of artists will provide. I'm learning to dance in the unpredictability of each and every moment. And as each moment passes by, the ground under me could open and swallow me. Each moment I sit here, content and alone, the man of my dreams could walk by. A friend could call in a panic. My computer could crash. And with each moment that passes by, I feel a little bit closer to tears. I'm learning to like that.





with the
French
Lady



Hello, my friends, it is another time together for us. You and me, the stylish French Lady. Let the French Lady tell you what to buy, what to get, what to listen and feel, and you will be all right.

Hemp hand lotion

Now you know, I'm not a big fan of chains, especially those in malls. But I trust the Body Shop. I use a lot of their products on my delicate French skin. And this hand crème is very nice. Very nice. With the hemp seed oil to keep me moist on the knuckles. Try it. You'll like it. It's under ten US dollars, my friends.

Mayonnalse

After about two years of not using the good product known as the mayonnalse, I think it is a wonderful thing. I thought "too much fat, too much fat. I will use the hoummous on the sandwiches to keep them so moist." But the taste and flavor and delection of the mayonnalse is just oh too much to resist. On the not-so-French Fries or the sandwich or perhaps the pizza.

Dido from Dido

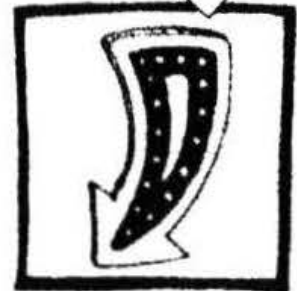
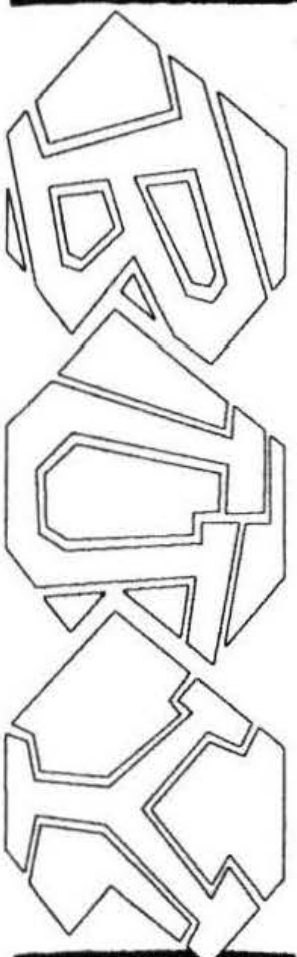
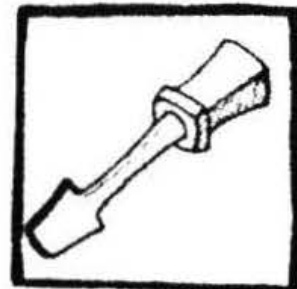
This new album is by a British chanteuse. She sings with a grounded, passionate, rich voice. It is not quite the gritty, but very melodic. The Dido she sings the songs that, oh, touch me very close to personal events I've had and so I do relate. But the music, a beautiful and intense mix of the acoustic and the electronic and the vocal storytelling, it is the divine.

Colorado Bulldog

Mix some vodka with some of the kahlua with the crème de cacao with the coke and the cream and you have a delicious drink for the after dinner alcoholic root beer float. Try it, boys and girls and you will like it. Even on my delicate tongue, it is a fresh taste.

The Vest from the Ad by the Gap

Okay, do not get the French Lady wrong. I would never wear it. But that Everybody in Vests commercial, you know the one. The one when they sing the song by the Madonna. I mean the young people, they sing the song, some are close, some are far, some are white, some are black, some are clearly the homosexuals, others, probably not. Buy the vest, just to give the company a little support for their good ad. Or write them a letter and say, hey, Gap people, nice ad, bad choice in trying to convince all of America in all of your stores that the vests they are back in style just from two overblown ad campaigns. Next time just make the ad for the t-shirt, or the underwear.



Confrontation

by Angela Kang

I have nothing
no tools
with which
I might

No words
no sense
no

You
it fucks with me
this
this air
wrapping around my ear

I've lost my sense of the sky

Why
why
why

If I could answer that
would I be here?

Because I love you, because I hate you, because I'm turned upside-down by you
Because I'm cruel, because I can, because I want to be something that I'm not for you
Because

Because I want to
Because I hate that I want to

Breathing
is harder
than it should be

Leaving
is not

SHOWCASE

A FOUR MINUTE PLAY BY BEN QUEEN

A stage. A dry-erase board is propped on an easel. The name "Jake Abromowitz" is written on it with a flourish. A voice is suddenly heard from the back of the theater, through a bullhorn or a microphone. The voice is distracted, disinterested.

VOICE

Next... Ah, number... I lost my place...

A man rolls onto stage in rollerblades. He wears a tee-shirt that says "Ask Me About Rollerblading!" He stops, holds one script page in his hand. Waits. Nothing happens.

DEL

Oh, right.

He rolls over to the dry-erase board, erases the other name, writes "Delbert Riemer" in its place, and rolls back.

VOICE

We've got some good news for you, Del.

DEL

What do you mean?

VOICE

Well, your teacher, Mr. Futterman, accidentally gave everyone else in your class the wrong date for the tryouts. So, call it karma, or fate or destiny or... he'll we're in a theater, let's just call it Kismet... anyway. The bottom line is, instead of the thirty seconds in front of agents and executives that you were promised when you paid the seven thousand dollars to join the class, it turns out you, for a lack of a better phrase, well... You have the floor, Del. The floor is yours.

DEL

Ah, yes. Good. Excellent. ...What do you mean?

VOICE

Take more than thirty seconds. This is your chance, Del. It's you and them. All of these people in front of you... They're either agents, executives, or managers. This is why you took the class isn't it?

DEL

What about the name on the board I just erase? Jake, whatshisname?

VOICE

That was just a test name. An example of the thing.

DEL

Oh...haha. Didn't think that was real. An unfortunate name--

VOICE

It's actually my name, Del.

In the same breath.

DEL

And why it's one of my favorite names.

VOICE

Take an hour, Del. Take two. Take three. Take four hours, Del. As much time as you want for as long as you want it. Whenever you're ready you can begin.

Del begins to slowly panic. He turns around, rolls back and forth across the stage. He turns away, puts his hands over his eyes. Suddenly he spins around.

DEL

Listen, I wasn't really... I took this class... My life, you have to understand... Dah Dah Dah DAH DAH! You! You! You! You! Mother fuckermotherfuckermotherfucker... You have to understand. I can't do, I can't cI can't I can't I can't... This is what I can do. This thirty-second scene of "Steve" talking to the ghost of Albert Einstein. This is what I can do... "Mr. Einstein. You gotta' understand. I thought the big bang theory was something me and Lisa did in the back of my Buick after the prom!" See this is what I've been working on... I'm not cut out for... There are film guys and then there are sitcommies. I'm a card carrying sitcommie. I didn't pay the money for... I DIDN'T PAY THE MONEY FOR MORE THAN THIRTY! Come on! Lemme' tell you something. This is deception. This is like my whole.... Oh my God. This is my entire life. Everything has turned out like this. I'm six years old and my, uh... stepmother brings me to this place at the mall for Christmas. It's called "Santa's Workshop" and it's a place where kids go inside and pick out gifts for their parents, they're wrapped up, and their parents pay for them. So I go in, my stepmom waits outside... I'm looking all over the place and they've got everything a kid could want. "World's Greatest Dad" mugs and "World's Greatest Sister" bibs... And then I see it. Apron.

DEL (cont'd)

"Worlds... Greatest... Mom." Okay? This was my stepmom waiting outside. A fresh stepmom, if you catch my drift. So new you could bounce a nickel off her. But this was my chance of saying "You're part of the family. You're mom." An important gesture. Friendship and love. I walk it to a large mirror which stretches across the front wall. And I hold it up. Worlds... Greatest... Mom... I look at the mirror. Worlds... Greatest... Wait. I get closer. Move up closer. I see...something. I see. I see... In the mirror... Deep IN the mirror. A nose. My stepmother's nose. A two-way mirror. So the parents can... my god, watch us pick out presents. So I was crafty. I pretend all is well. I move toward the checkout, but as I do I very carefully SWITCH the apron with something else. Christmas rolls around. We've opened all the presents. And now we get my stepmother...

He begins to choke up.

This is the moment she's been waiting for. It's her coming out party as a maternal figure. She's never been able to have kids of her own, iher insides were all torn up after an operation. She opened the box, and I swear to you she began to react a split second before she could've seen the gift. Because she thought she knew what it was... And then she opened the box the rest of the way. And the look on her face--

VOICE

I'm sorry, Del. We've really gotta' go.

DEL

But I thought... I thought I had all the time I needed.

VOICE

That was a figure of speech.

DEL

Oh.

VOICE

Don't call us, Del. And we'll do the same.

DEL

Okay...

VOICE

Lock up on your way out?

House lights out. End of play.

An excerpt from

HUNGER AND LIGHTNING

by Kestutis Nakas

I did belong.

At times. For a minute. Like when I first came to New Mexico. And got my job. I was wandering near Las Cruces, in southern New Mexico. I was looking for the Bosque-the strip of forest on either side of the Rio Grande. Running scared.

Finally the bosque lay before me. The light green cottonwoods waved me on. Snakes came out, and big bugs. And deep in that stillness I came upon the melancholy woman farm. All the gals were sad there. Something was missing. I hoped it might be me. The corral, the hot spring bath house, and the horse track all waved in the wind. That's when I saw my obsession. Her name was April. She was grooming her stallion.

"Nice horse."

"The best. The very best."

"Who do I see about a job?"

She pointed me toward the office. Mother Superior was a giant toad, lurking behind her desk in an ill fitting nun's habit. She smiled.

"Let me guess. You've come to New Mexico. To heal. Or escape. Or something. Now you need a job and a warm place to shit."

"You can really size a guy up."

"Why do you wear the cape?" she asked.

"To hide my hunchback."

"Any other deformities?"

I whispered into her ear. She gave me a job. Pastor of prayerful postures.

"And no funny stuff."

April was in my class. Swearing like a sailor. She wanted an extra bone in her soup. And she deserved it. She was the shiny one. All morning I would lead the young women in prayers and postures. At noon I was alone. To fend for myself. The only man on the woman farm. So what do you think happened? Lots of horny babes? Not for me. Till one day. I was on the rock by the brook eating my tuna and playing my flute when April came by. "What are you doing?" With her blonde hair and blue eyes, she looked like pictures of my mother before she had me. her smiling teeth were pearly white. I remembered how ugly I was. I tried to adjust my cloak to hide my hunchback. "I hate it here," she said, and smiled. I turned on the music and we danced. By the water. Her gaze was fixed. She was not looking at me. She was looking over my shoulder beyond the birds perched on the farm fence. I kept adjusting myself so she would look at me. I was ogling her firm little tits, her tight ass, her tan Nordic body. Her hair of sperm gold. A

surge of electric liquid shot through me. She just kept dancing. My mind raced. What can I do? What would make her love me? Love me, April. Take my paycheck. Take my wife. Take my place. Take my friends. They owe me. Call them. Make them help. I just wanna give give give.

"Set me up. Knock me down. I'm oh so attachable," said I.

"Sweet little man."

"April, just gimme something to remember you by."


She ripped off the pocket from her blue bellbottom jeans. I took it home. My fetish. I fell to my knees. Please, God. Give me the chance to see what needs to be done and do it. All my force. All my trials. All my troubles. All the motion I can create.

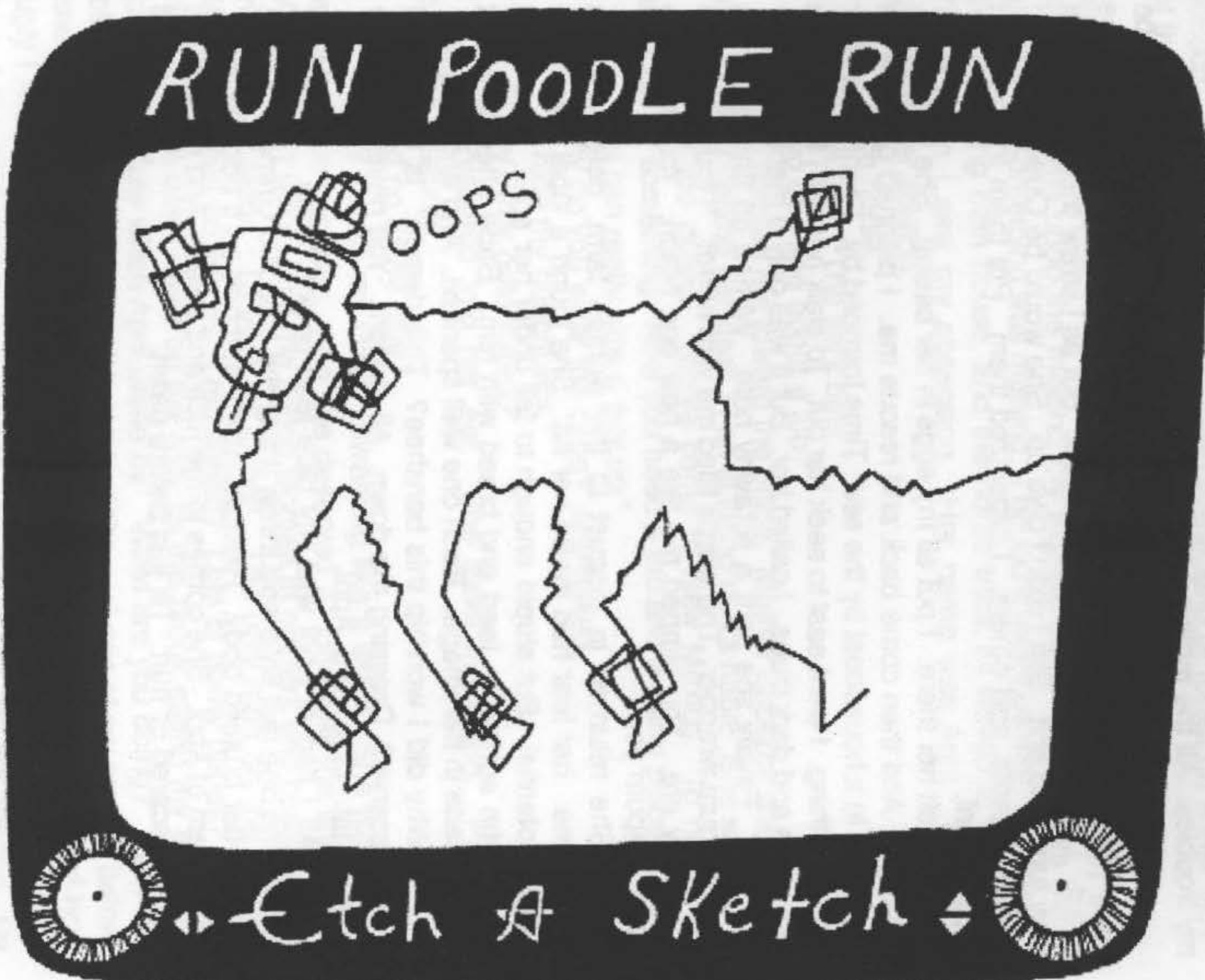
Then it hit me how to please her. Promise her the world and be prepared to deliver. We sped out of the woman farm and over to the coast. I paved her way with diamonds. But as I strew them at her feet they turned to shit. Still I didn't give up. She would be Queen! I called friends, agents, and others. I organized them. Put them in charge of project April.

I left her there. I put all my eggs in her basket. She would rise. Succeed. And then come back and rescue me. I planned our new life together. In a houseboat by the sea. Time tramped by. I sent letter after letter. Nothing. I went east to seek her out. To stalk her. All I found were dirty walls and dark clues. I called her. But it was only a machine. Over and over. Finally she sent a scrawny note. Written on the back of a wrinkled gum wrapper. The words filled me with horror: "I found out who you really are. You pimped me like a new age Nixon. You corrosive slime. I spurn you."

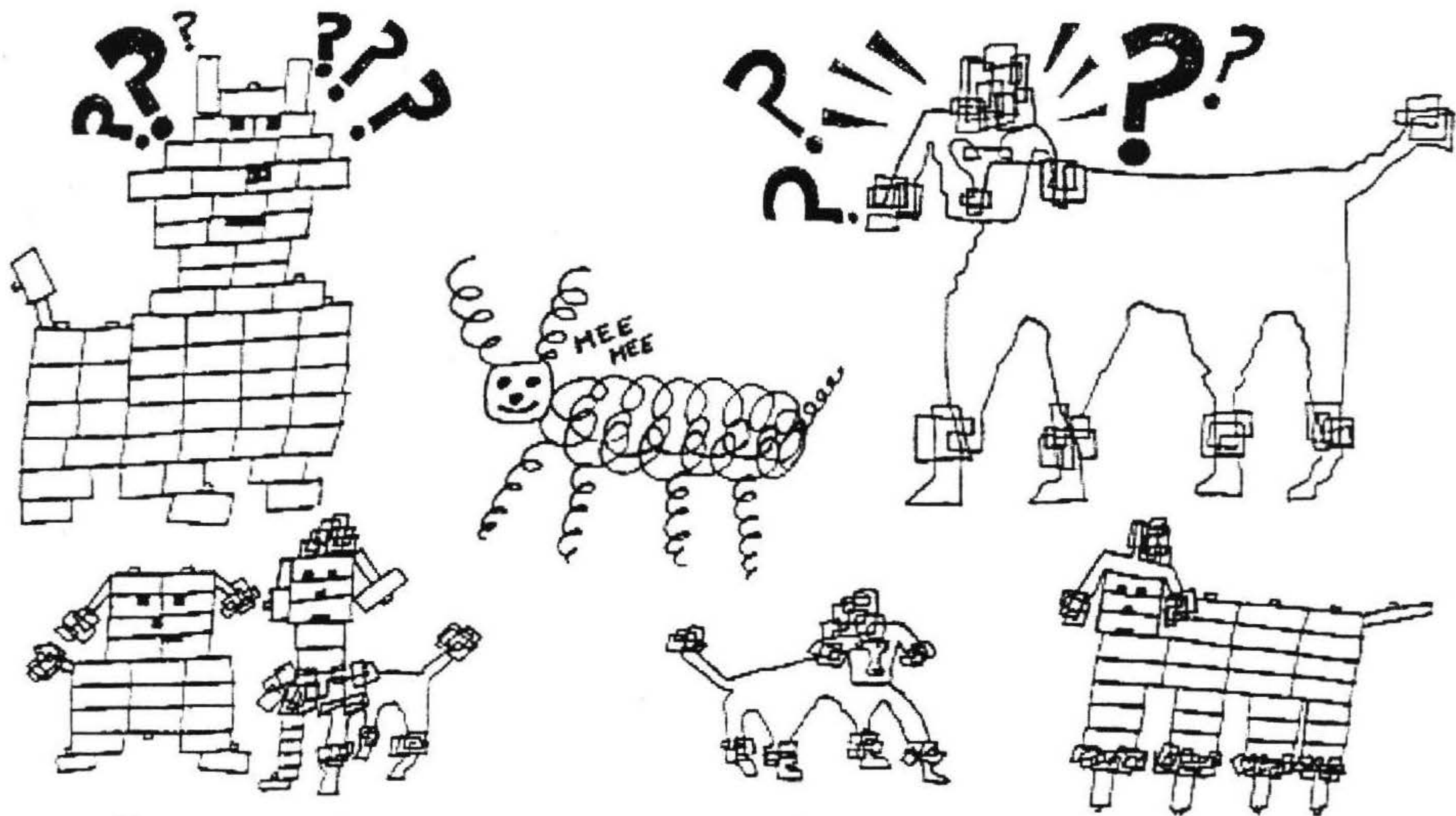
She returned in disgust to the woman farm, determined to destroy me. her fear had made her fat. She found a local boy. With yuppie potential. But stupid enough to fall under her spell. Like I had been. She agreed to feed and breed with him. Babe after bare butt babe. Made in her image. Each one well spanked. And angry as she.

Why did I worship this banshee? This demon. Is that what I think I deserve? Dressing me down. All strident. You never this. You always that. I love you, April.

All I had of April was my blue jean pocket fetish. I rubbed it against me one last time and threw it into the blue Rio Grande. Then I threw in her bruised body. Remorsefully I watched as it bobbed away. I still dream of April. She comes to me nice and sweet. And never turns mean or scared or hurt. Till just before dawn. 



She tried running like her hero LOLA
but she caught on a CORNER and
started to UNRAVEL and FELL.



Etch A Sketch Poodle SPENT HOURS
trying to EXPLAIN To her husband LEGO
LAB Where the SLINKY Puppy came from.

DESAMIS

JOIN US NEXT TIME FOR MORE EXCITEMENT!

to slip away unnoticed
to breathe the midnight air
of hawks and seagulls
and quiet oceans
laying flatly in black
rocks shimmering in
the bare moonlight
a transient relief as
it passes under clouds
and through wind's change
mutters a faint regret
and slow breaths
five easy paces
and into the beyond

We often went with my mother to school, LSU, Louisiana State University, right across from Tulane University on Canal street. I don't remember a lot about it, but I do remember test tubes and beakers, and anatomy. We'd sift in, through the bodies, while mom poked around with her shiny tools. We weren't afraid, not even really curious, we just accepted it. The room was dark with a funny smell. I don't remember anyone else being there with her. Probably because she was doing homework. usually we'd be in a big room, a laboratory and mom would be mixing something. Her degree was going to be in biochemistry. What a big word for such a small science. I learned how to hem in that laboratory. Broad swaths of fabric scattered across the tables, full skirts blowing. Laura and I both had new dresses, new to us dresses, to alter. A bright breen dress, with small pretty flowers and a full skirt. I don't remember ever wearing it but I remember it took forever to stitch the tiny rows, measuring out the fabric while mom stood us on tables, turning us around slowly, without moving, standing up straight shoulders back eyes forward head up. Proud, softly tall. Full of promise.

a little story from

Melina Bielefelt

They say that a messy house is a sign of genius
they say that taking vitamin E will protect you from cancer
they say you can wait until later in life to conceive
and then they get in their parked cars and drive away

I watch as they pass the parking lot man with his vest and the stubs
having told me the meaning of it all
they drive away slowly
home to their creature comforts I have only heard about.

My creature comforts consist of a small basket of cherries I have in my fridge
and eat two at a time
to savor the cherriness that rushes around my mouth
not finding a way out until I swallow

the seeds from the cherries I haven't thrown away
for some reason
line up on my kitchen counter
counting something

Cherries

by June Melby



oy! That's what you're thinking. Boy, I wish there was a way I could contribute to the greatness that is Fluff'n'Nutter. You can.

Option 1:

Make a contribution.

(non-deductible, but keep reading)

We're not incorporated. Yet. So for now, your contribution gets you things instead of tax deduction. First off, remember, Fluff'n'Nutter does not even come close to recouping expenses. And trust me, I mean it. You know the price of copying. And that damn stapler I had to buy. And trust me, none of these writers got paid at all, including my self. No profit. Debt. Big Fluff'n'Nutter debt. So write a check and support the art of people you like. Your contribution gets you an ad, our published thanks (all if desired, of course), your own good feelings, and all donations above \$55 get a years subscription and the first Fluff'n'Nutter 2-color iron-on white tank tops when they are finished. Mail your checks to 1546 Golden Gate Avenue, No. 106; Los Angeles, CA 90026. This address may change soon, so check in by e-mailing fluffxine@yahoo.com or just buy the next issue for the new address. Oh, and make your check out to David Dratewka. That might make you feel suspicious. But it's okay, trust me. I have a separate account and everything.

Option 2:

Buy a back issue.

Right now there is only one you could buy. Way back in April, before things got regular, was Issue One. It features the very popular Barbie cartoon. Ask Nancy Agabian, and she'll tell you how great it is. Back Issues are always \$6 and are available by mail or e-mail order, but then you have to mail me a check. See address above. Checks are made out to David Dratewka.

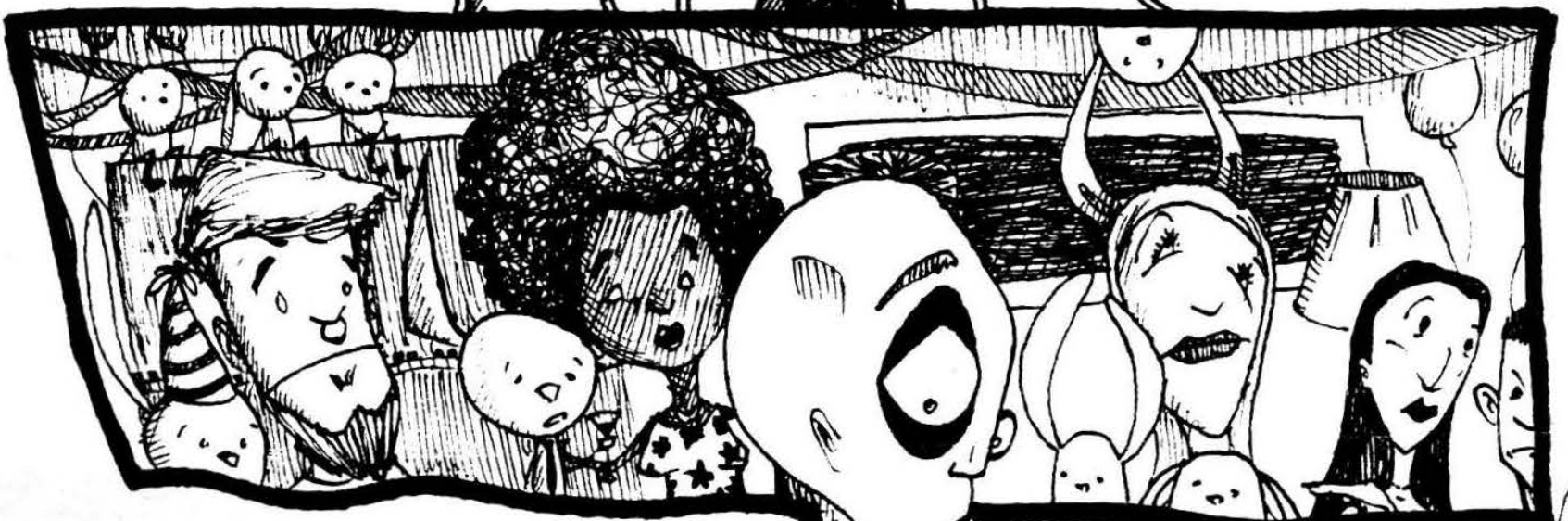
Option 3:

Buy a subscription.

A one-year subscription is \$20. That's six issues, plus discounted shipping and handling. And you get it at your doorstep. What fun! No fear of sellouts at the stores (it already happened once). Contact via the address above. We will consider valid options for barter. Think about a gift subscription for your loved ones and co-workers. We'll even enclose a gift card.

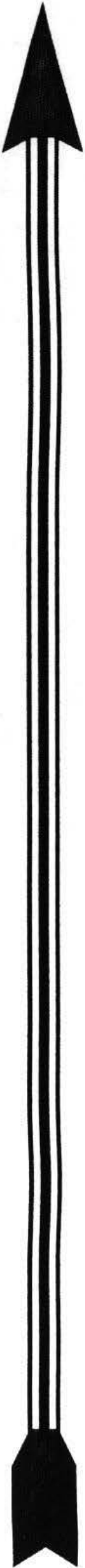
Pretentious Man THROWS a Party!

SUDDENLY THERE WERE **BUNNIES** EVERYWHERE! ALL OVER MY PARTY...



APPARENTLY IT WAS JUST ME...

by mike



FANCY PAPER

by June Melby

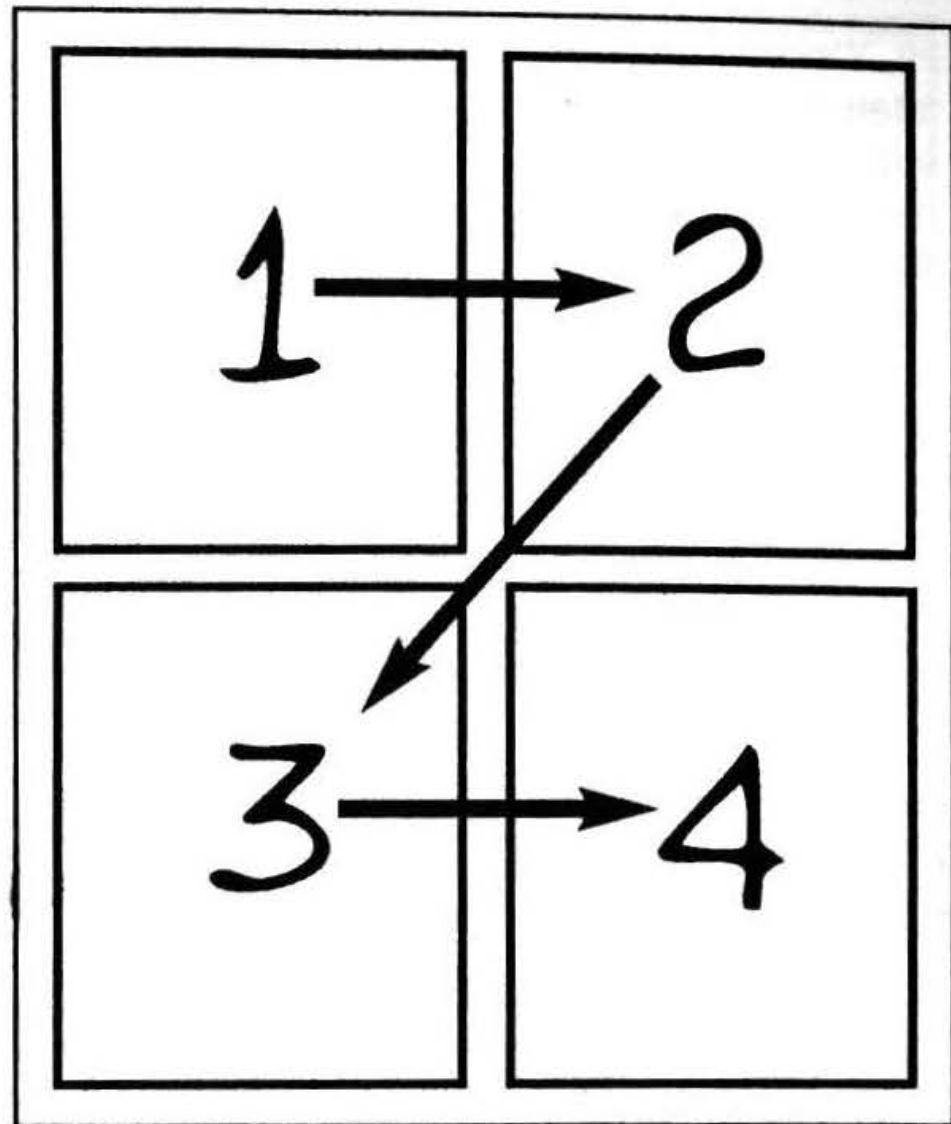
With the wiggle in her hips as
she danced down the street
you knew at a glance
she had spent the afternoon writing letters
on fancy paper.

Fancy paper!!

THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

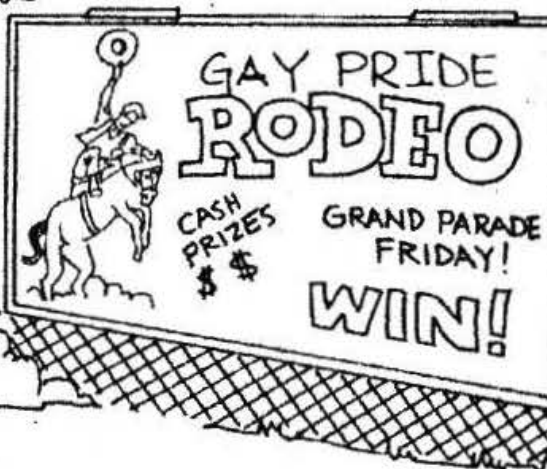


IN THIS EPISODE, THE DUKES LEARN ABOUT
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

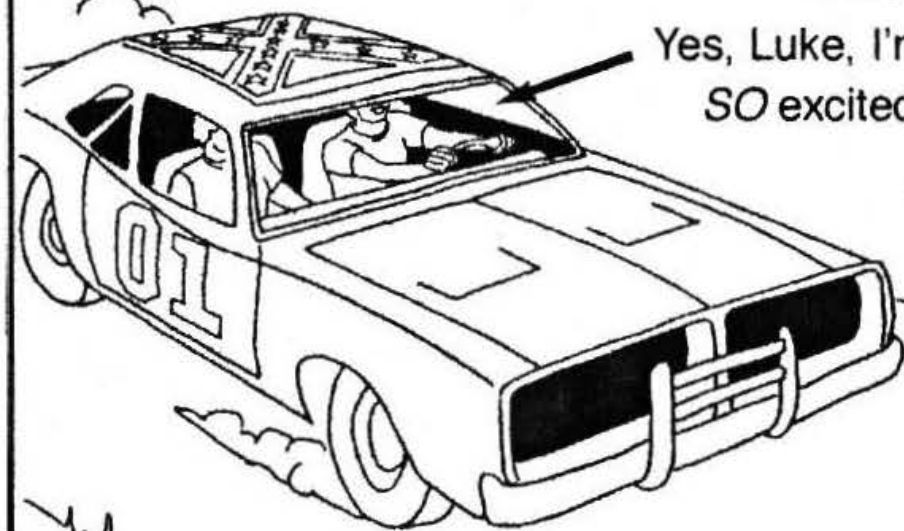


TO FOLLOW THE STORY, READ EACH PAGE THIS WAY!

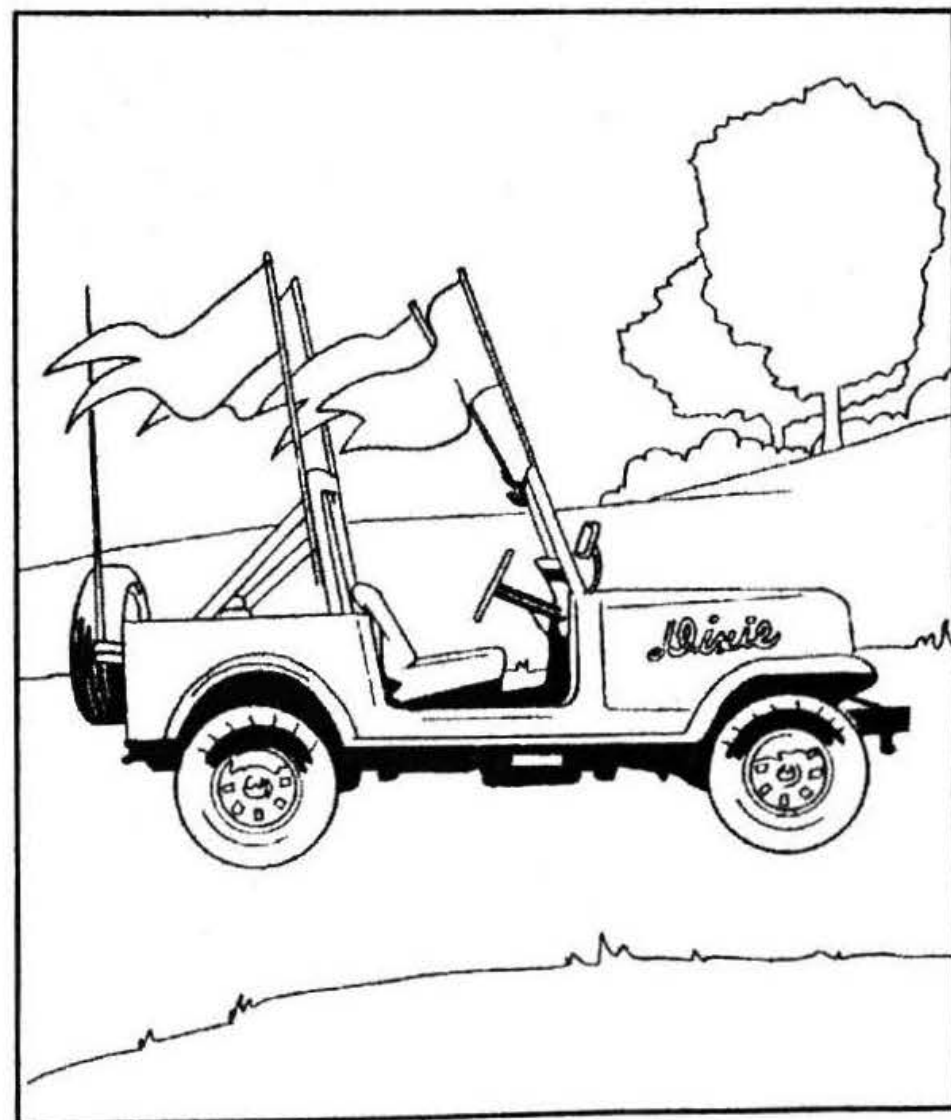
Hey look, Bo!



Yes, Luke, I'm
SO excited.

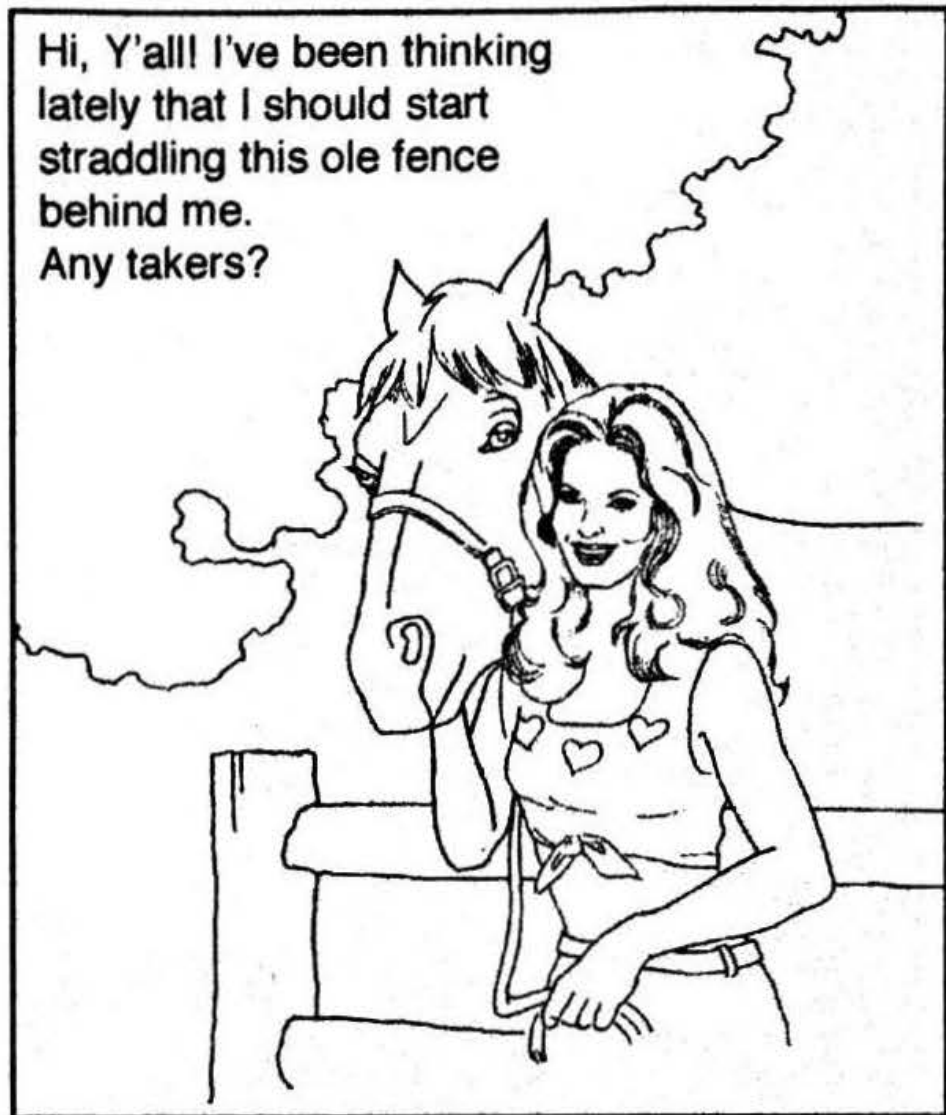


THE DUKES GET EXCITED FOR THE BIG FESTIVAL!



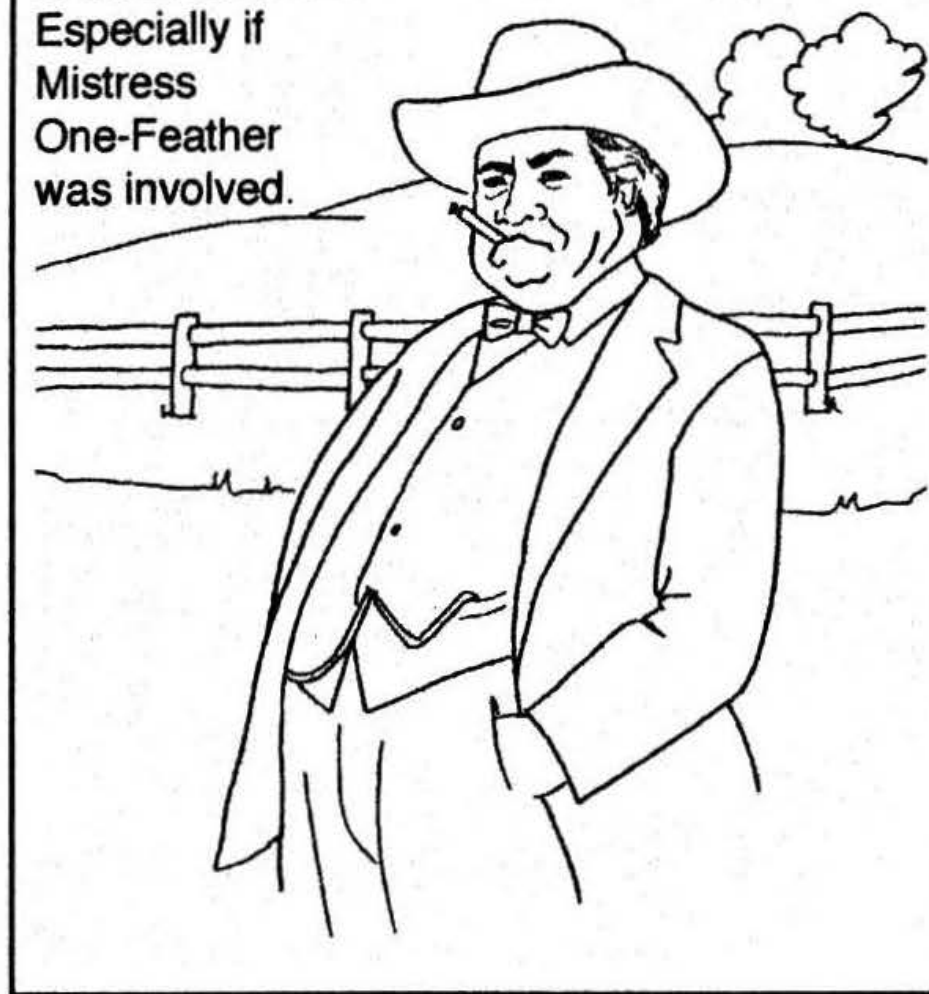
DAISY'S CAR WOULD BE PERFECT
TO TAKE TO THE PARADE!

Hi, Y'all! I've been thinking lately that I should start straddling this ole fence behind me. Any takers?



DAISY IS WHAT THEY CALL A BI-CURIOUS LADY.

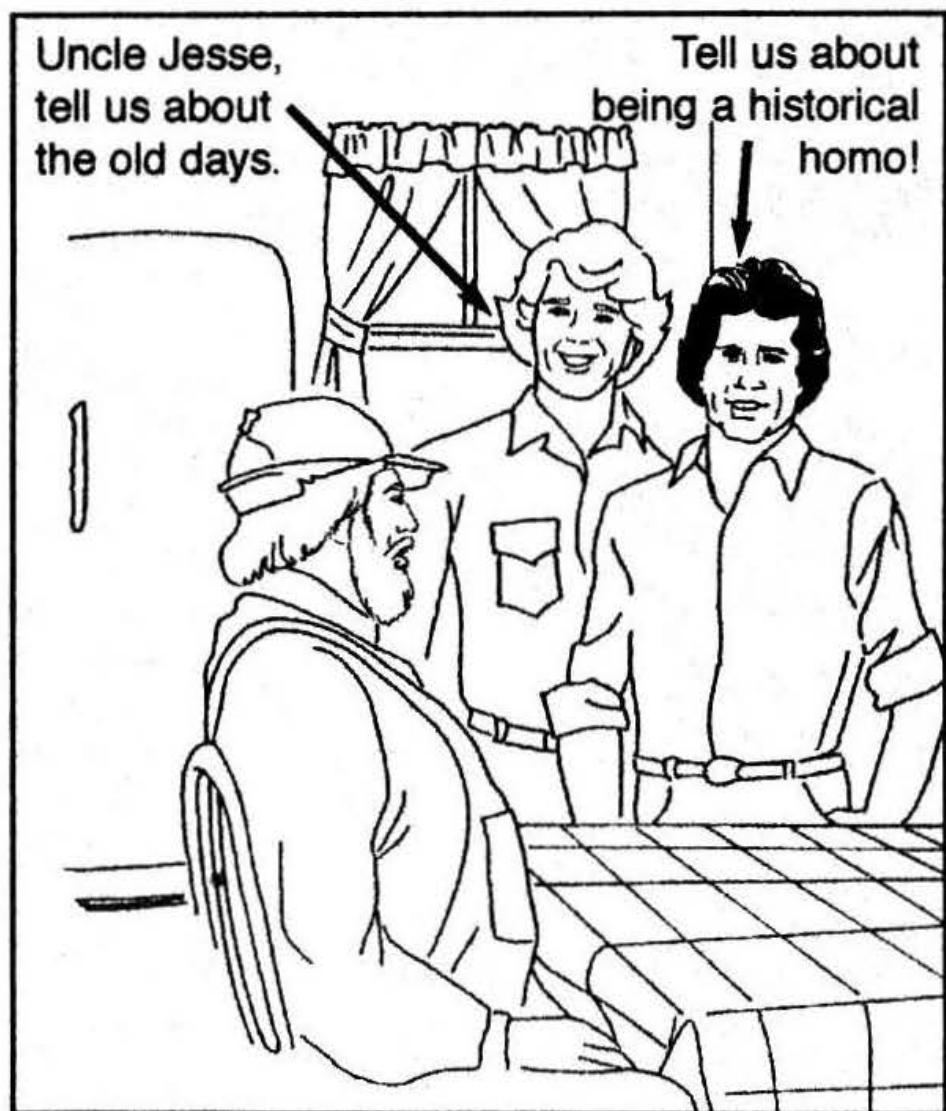
Damn, I'd buy a ticket to see that show. Especially if Mistress One-Feather was involved.



BOSS HOGG THINKS IMPURE THOUGHTS ABOUT DAISY

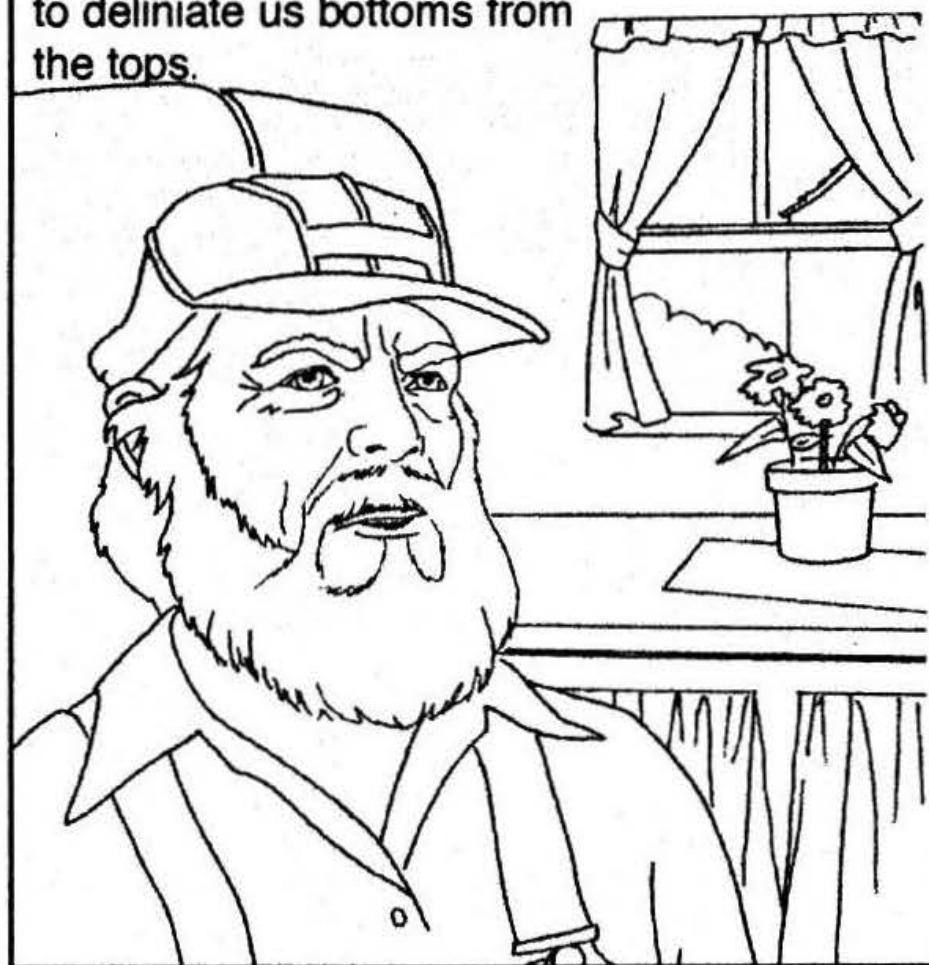
Uncle Jesse, tell us about the old days.

Tell us about being a historical homo!



BACK AT THE HOUSE, THE BOYS LEARN ABOUT THEIR PEOPLES HISTORY.

When I was a young faggot, I swear, we didn't have it so easy. Only handkerchiefs to deliniate us bottoms from the tops.



WE MUST ALWAYS RESPECT THOSE WHO PAVED THE WAY FOR OUR FREEDOM.

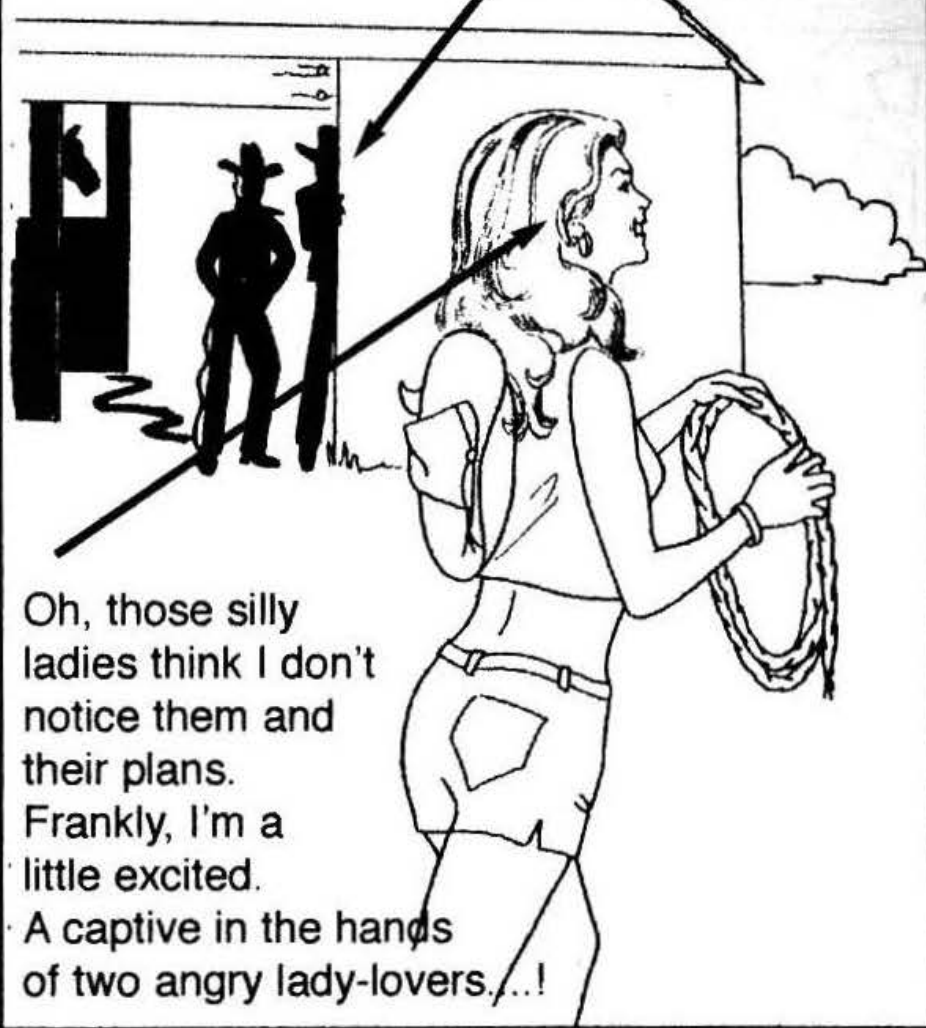
Mistress One-Feather, I want to see you get nasty with Daisy. And if you do it, you'll win the Best of Show at the Pride Rodeo.



It's a deal!

BOSS HOGG TURNS HIS FANTASY INTO A PLAN.

Let's get her, Maudel!



Oh, those silly ladies think I don't notice them and their plans. Frankly, I'm a little excited. A captive in the hands of two angry lady-lovers...!

DAISY PRETENDS NOT TO SEE THE BUTCH DYKES THAT HIDE OUT TO CAPTURE HER.

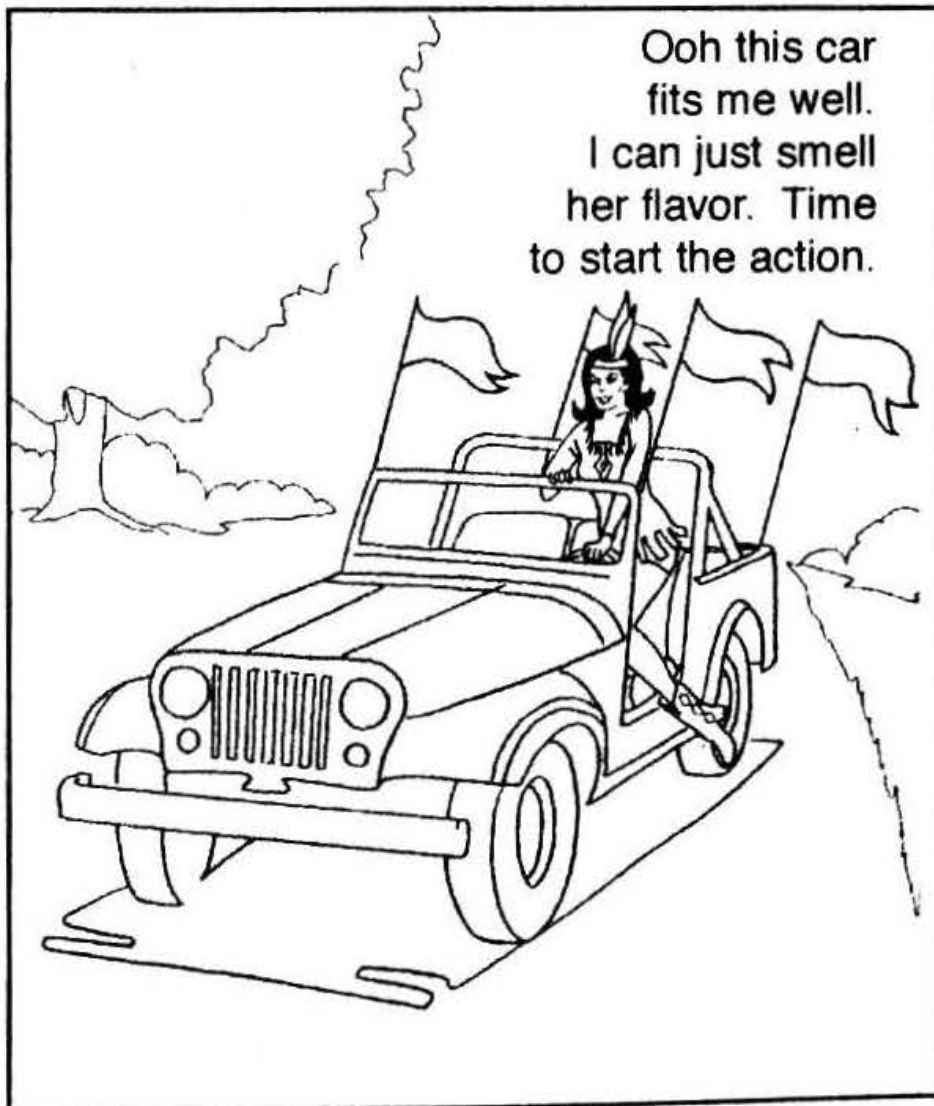
Mmfmmhm
llllcckmmuh



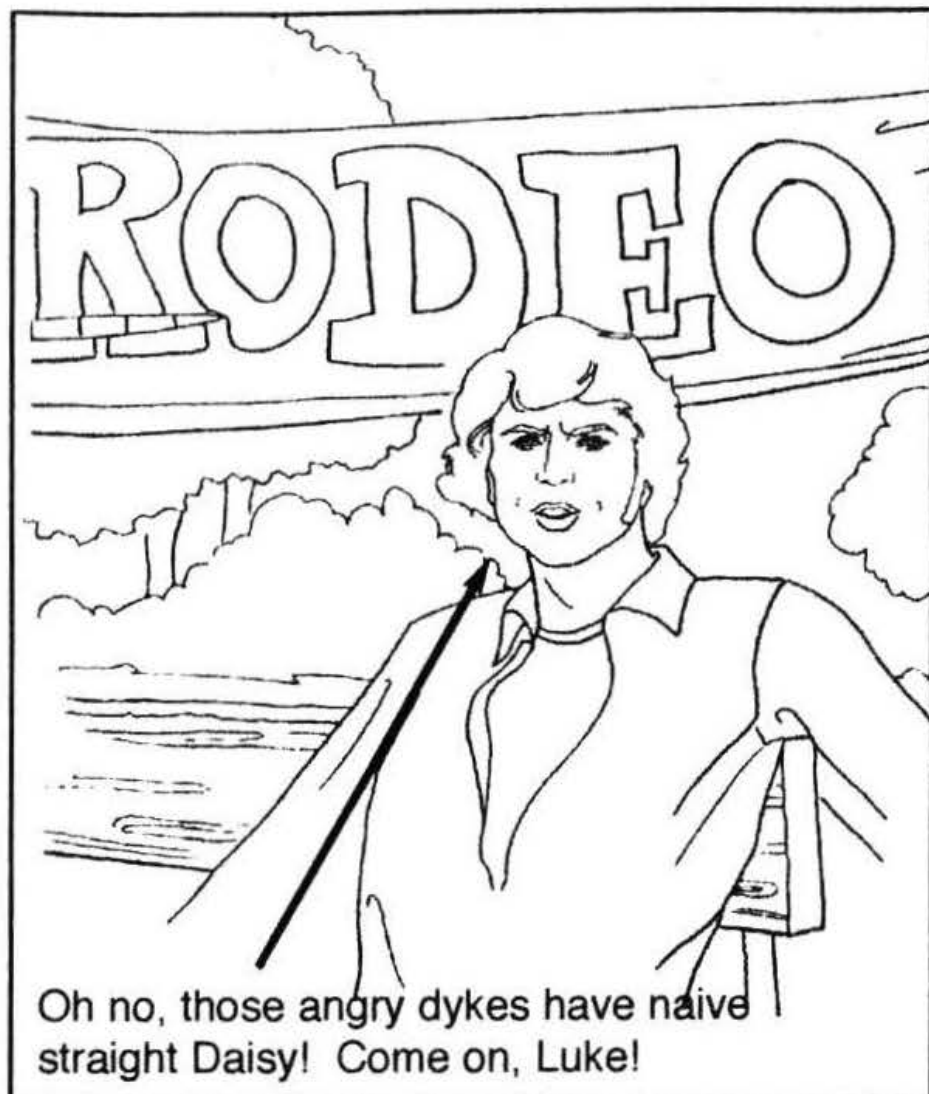
Rrowr

MR. PUSSY WANTS TO HELP DAISY OUT, BUT WITHOUT OPPOSING THUMBS, IT'S NO USE!

Ooh this car fits me well. I can just smell her flavor. Time to start the action.



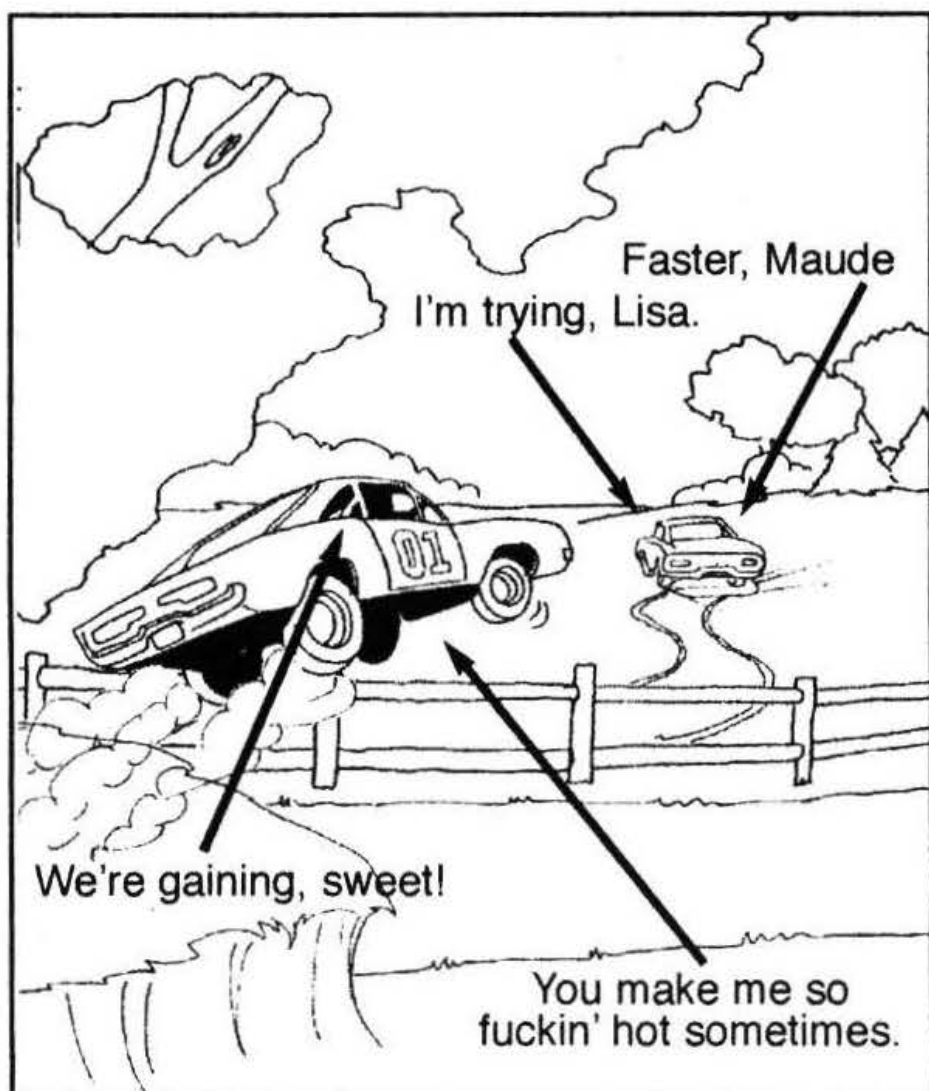
BAD GIRL! MISTRESS ONE-FEATHER STEALS THE JEEP FOR THE HIJINKS!



BO DUKE SPOTS WHAT HE THINKS IS TROUBLE



THE BUTCH COWGIRLS LOAD DAISY INTO THE GETAWAY CAR.



GO GET EM, DUKES!



BO AND LUKE CUT EM OFF AT THE PASS!

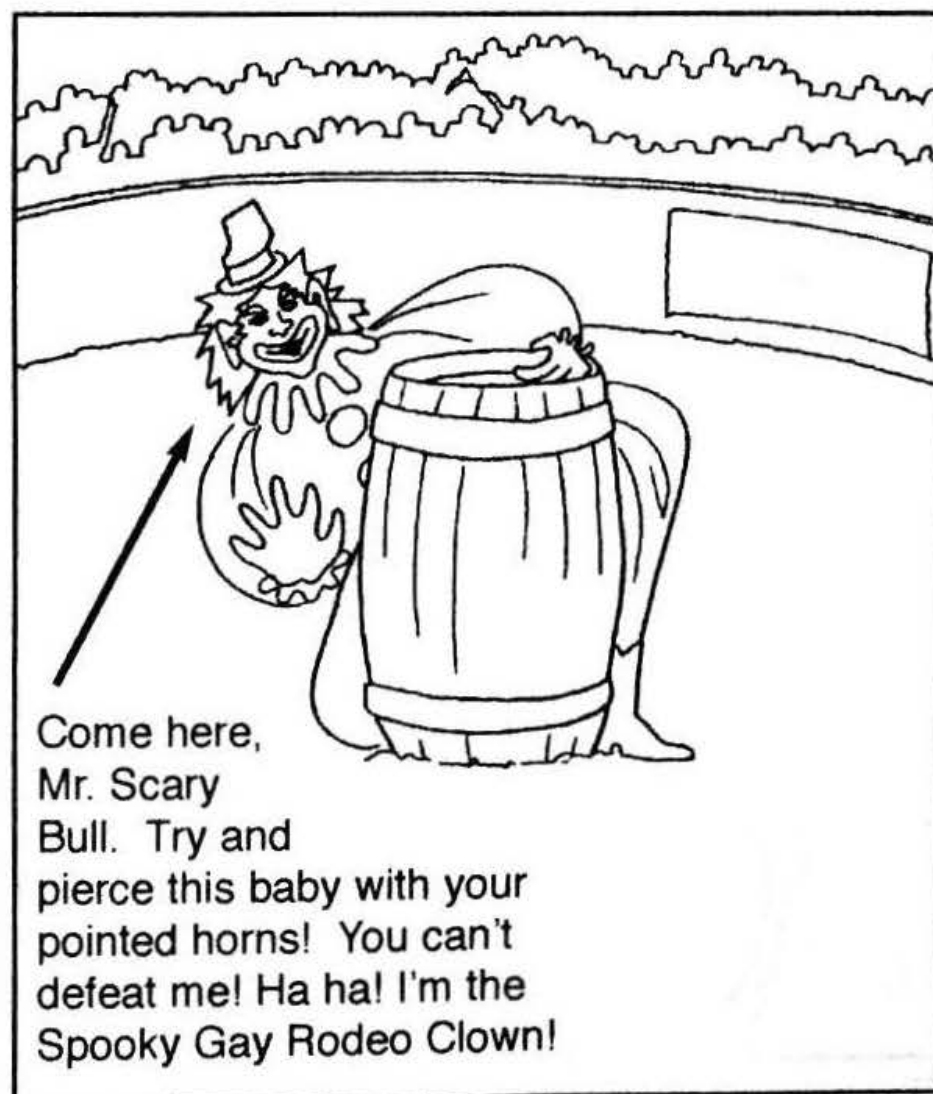


THEY TAKE DAISY BACK TO THE PRIDE RODEO

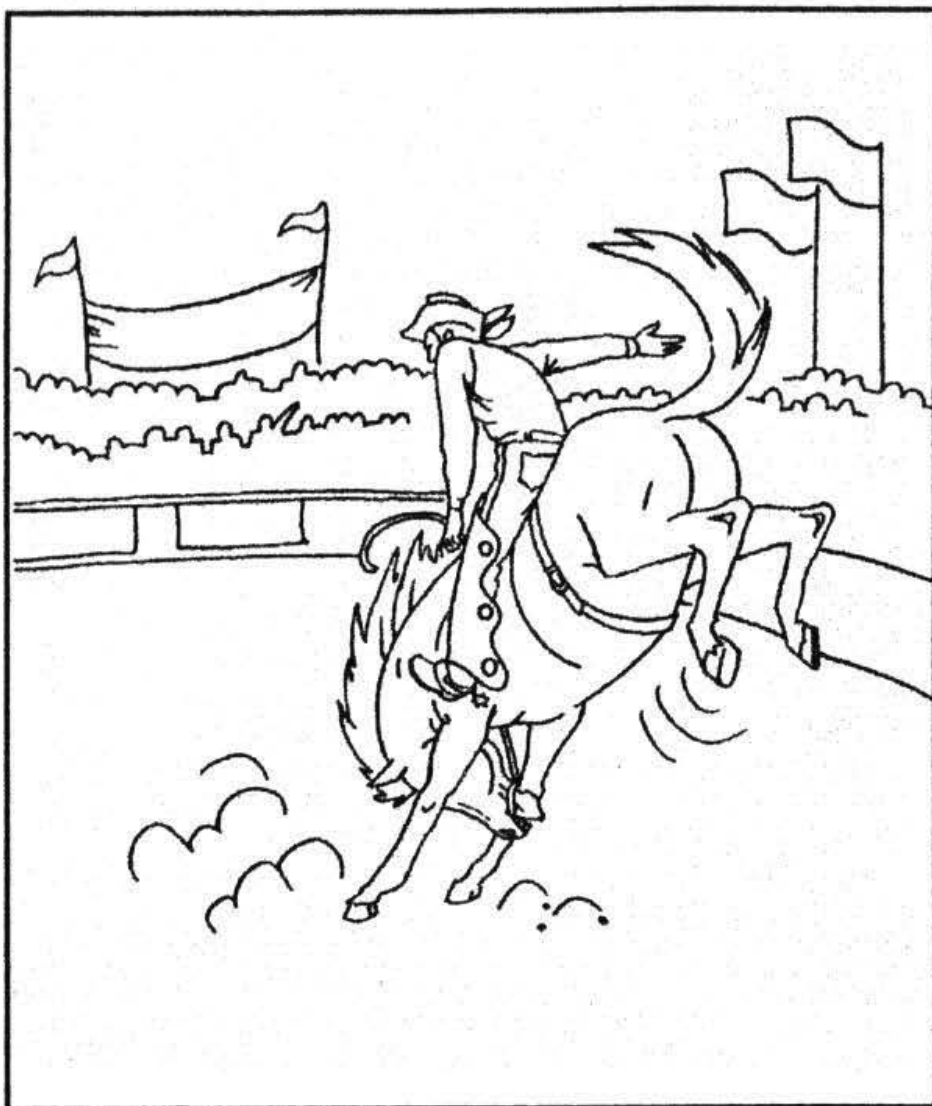


SOMEONE SECRETLY ROUNDS UP MISTRESS ONE-FEATHER. WHO COULD IT BE?

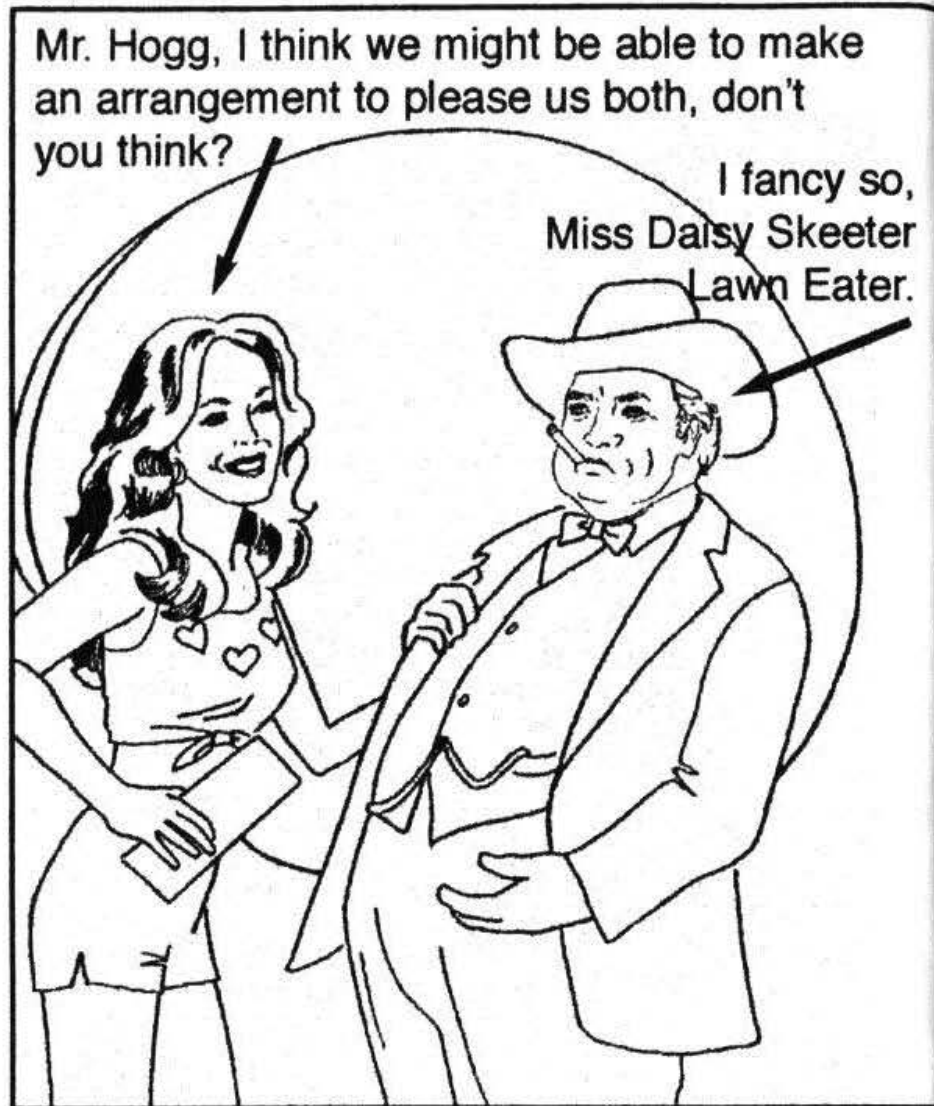
MEANWHILE...
BACK AT THE GAY RODEO,
ALL THE COUNTRY FOLKS
WHOOPE IT UP IN A
QUEER, QUEER WAY!



LOOK, KIDS! IT'S
SPOOKY, THE GAY RODEO CLOWN!



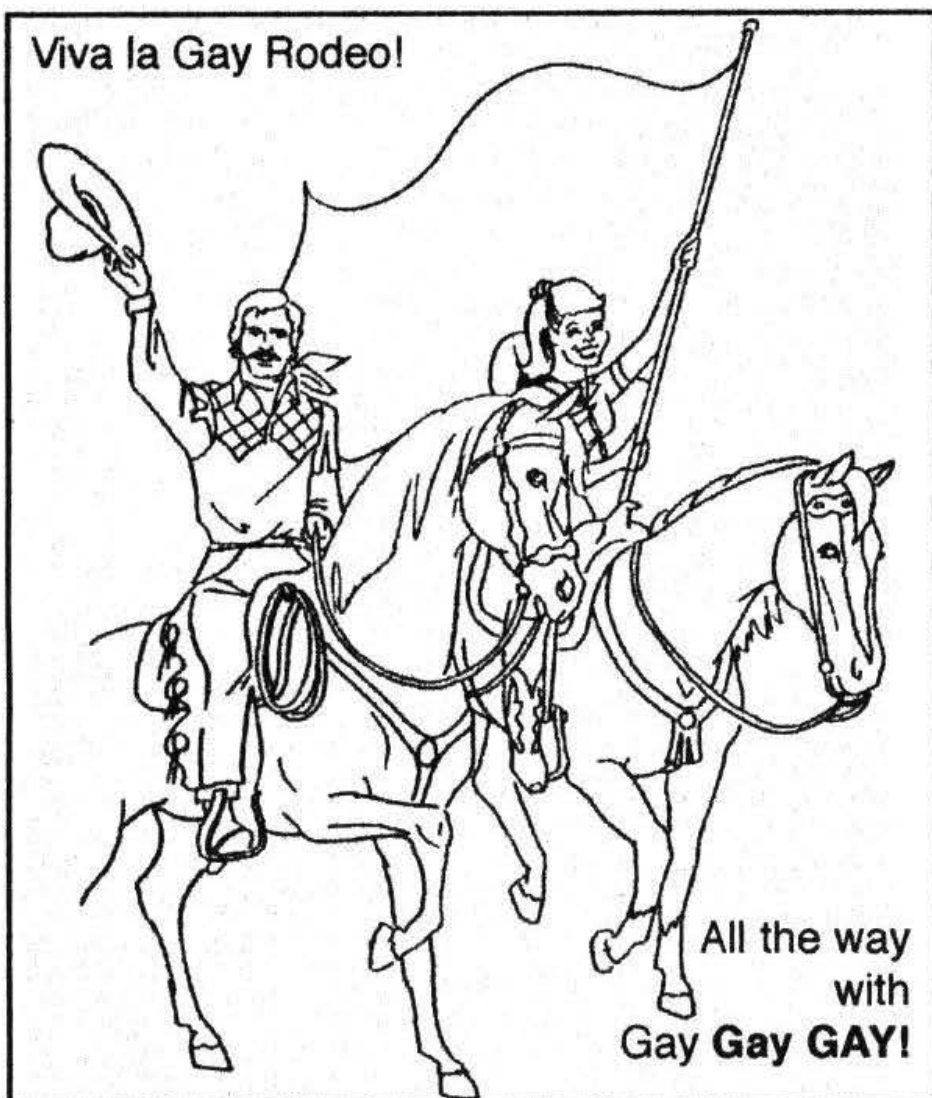
RIDE, 'EM, COWBOY!



Mr. Hogg, I think we might be able to make an arrangement to please us both, don't you think?

I fancy so, Miss Daisy Skeeter Lawn Eater.

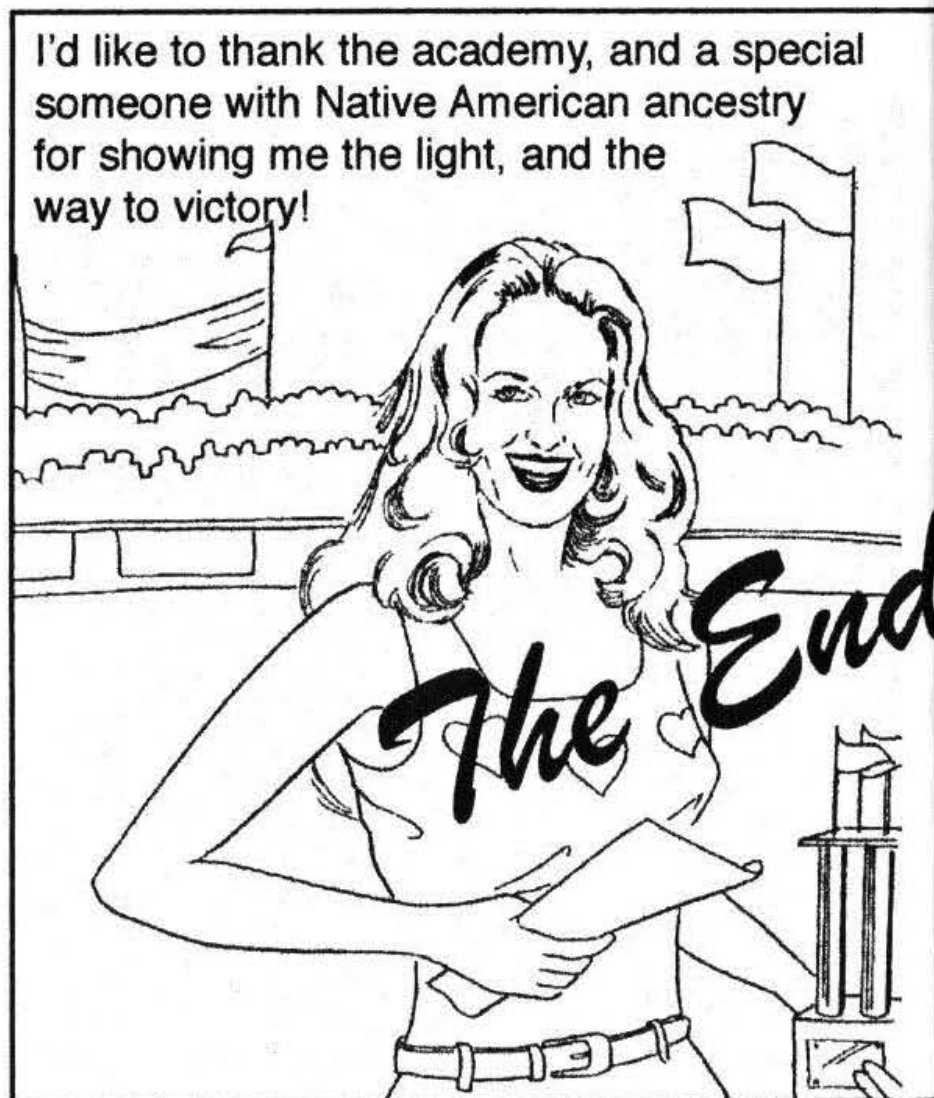
A NEW DEAL IS FORMED!



Viva la Gay Rodeo!

All the way with
Gay Gay GAY!

THE GRAND MARSHALS OF THE PRIDE PARADE.



I'd like to thank the academy, and a special someone with Native American ancestry for showing me the light, and the way to victory!

IT HELPS TO PLEASE BOSS HOGG
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO WIN!

We must believe in
a sense of life
renewed by the
theater, a sense of
life in which man

**We must believe in a
sense of life renewed by
the theater, a sense of
life in which man
fearlessly makes himself
master of what does not
yet exist, and brings it
into being. --Artaud**

himself master of
what does not yet
exist, and brings it
into being. --Artaud


The Flufferazzi: *and so it begins*

We are the flufferazzi. We don't belong. We dress down.

We entered the party. And an institution was begun. The sexy lithe Asian who looked like a writer. The skinny slacker with the nice camera who looked like a maybe professional photographer. And the intellectual with glasses. Perhaps the artsy producer. We were a team. And no one could stop us.

Who could we photographically tag with our presence. We didn't know who they were. Mostly. But I knew Gordon. Gordon I knew. And so I dictated: "snap Gordon." And he was snapped. This man of self assumed cultural reign of terror in the wasteland.

The Flufferazzi. Swooping and swerving. Making drinks spill. Eating food off the buffet. Moaning about the lack of vegetarian entrees. Drinking mediocre white wine and feeling a strange communion with the performers. After the speeches we got bored and left. But before all this there was a performance.

The Berliner Ensemble gave a very tight, energetic and passionate performance. The highlights, my condensed observations focus on the brilliant inclusion of some very realistic details alongside extremely broad theatrical, presentational strokes. Details like a wet spot on a dress after angry sex on top of a mannequin. Details like a real gun shot with a blank bullet with a noise so loud I was reminded of the fake guns and fake noise that theatres usually use. The theatre jolted. Then the gun was pointed at us. The lady in front of me looked like she shat her pants. Love that. All of this along side moments filled with pure quiet movement across the stage, appearances of donkeys inside of frames, and the three green men sitting with the audience in the front row of the theatre as the petty bourgeoisie. All together great. But then the audience stands up and applauds at the end. I believe they used to call this a standing ovation. But now it's the natural movement to accompany a curtain call in Los Angeles. Even if it sucks. But this is just a petty bitch at the end of an amazing evening. One that reminded me why I'm doing all this work that I do. Not only an amazing piece of theatre, but an amazing piece of inspiration, and a fitting legacy for Brecht's own theatre company. 



Gordon Davidson and the star of *Arturo Ui*, Martin Wuttke, share some amusing words at the reception.

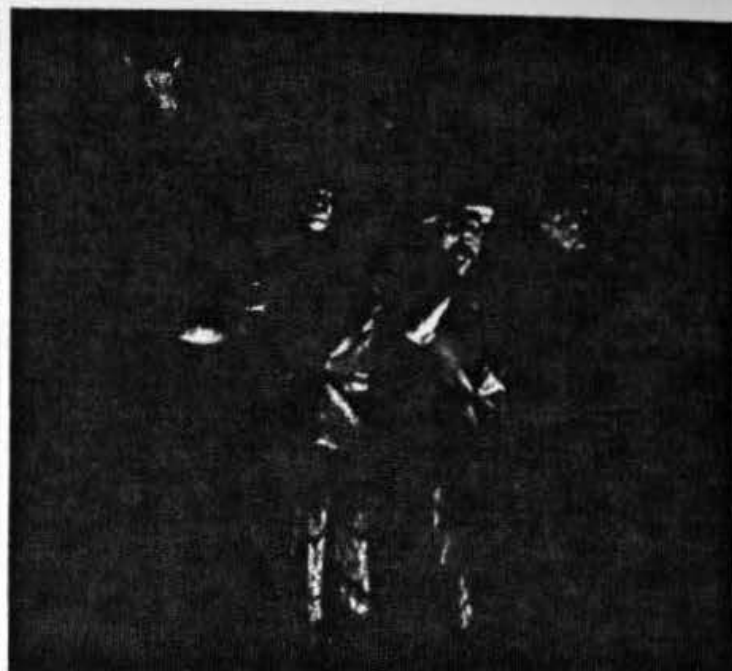
The words: From Gordon Davidson. "We are honored to be a part of presenting the Berliner Ensemble in Los Angeles. The Berliner Ensemble reminds us that the theatre must be a venue for presenting the truly theatrical, that which cannot be done on film. The theatre, as a medium, must rediscover its own voice." Echoing my words, Artaud's words, a lot of people's words. But then he produces Neil Simon. Over and over again. Don't ask me.

intermission
the vending machine



Photos by Nick Arens, Staff Photographer
Text by David Dratewka, Editor
Angela Kang, Production Assistant

Clockwise from right: L.A. congratulates "Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble"; the opening of the show; Gordon with unidentified woman and the Consul General of Germany; the crew ate a lot, drank a lot and smoked even more; the Swedish lady who served the masses politely; Swill-o-rama for the yuppie boys; the line to the parking lot.

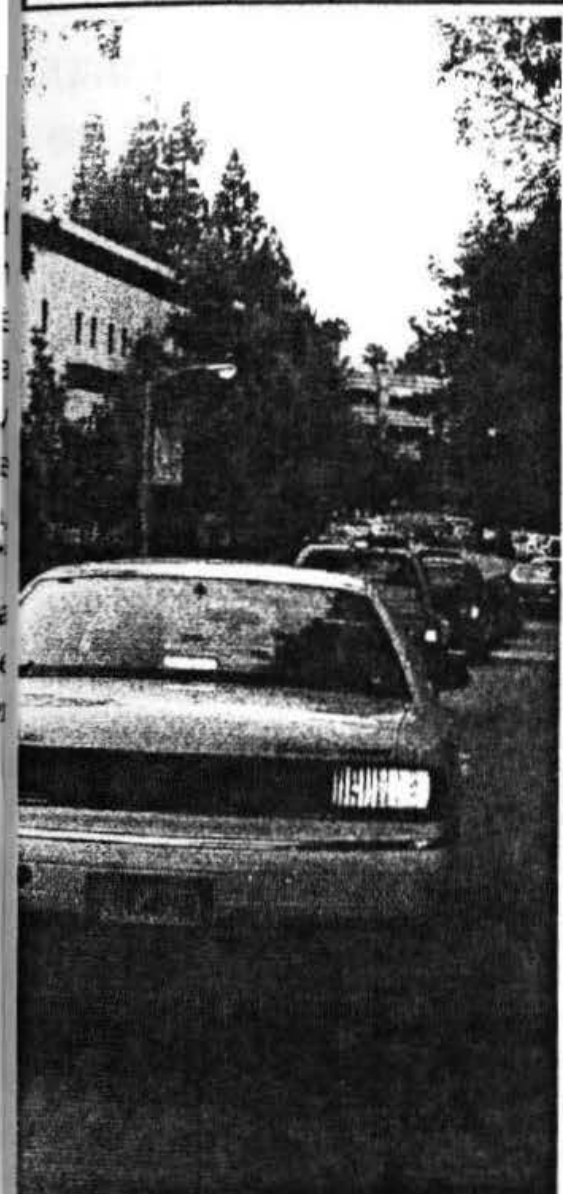


The event: Post-performance, high-priced reception for the opening night of the very final performances of the Berliner Ensemble anywhere.

Location: Courtyard near UCLA's Freud Playhouse.

Attendees: Gordon Davidson (Artistic Director, Center Theatre Group, commandeering the Ahmanson Theatre and the Mark Taper Forum), Mom from The Wonder Years, German people, Liam Neeson, The cast and crew of Arturo Ui, the German Consul General.

The food: Corn fritters with applesauce and sour cream. Good cantaloupe, mediocre strawberries. Chicken & Shrimp things. Wine, Evian, sodas.



make it six

make it six

fluff'n'nutter is a non-money making operation.

we are not officially a non-profit. so I can't say that.

but we don't make a profit.

real purchases of this magazine offsets about ten percent of the costs.

and the editor ain't no moneybags. let me tell you about it sometime.

so how can you help fluff'n'nutter stay in production?

well you bought this copy, so you're doing all right so far.

but you can do more.

send me more money. three dollars is all i ask.

double your investment.

that's still less than a movie.

and aren't you getting more out of this than eyes wide shut?

think about it. we are so willing to shell out seven fifty for a flick.

usually we're not even sure if we'll like it.

so here you are and you are liking it.

so raise your investment in this piece of art you're holding to a bit less than a movie.

make it six.

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thank you for your time. mail today and help keep hands-on magazines alive.



FLUFF EATS

(RESTAURANTS)

from New York
with gal-about-town Chloe Howard

Summer *Rain* in New York with Thai Vietnamese fusion
free snacks and free candies accompany tasty free meal

It is so nice when your roommate's parents want to take you out to dinner. It is so nice, in fact, that you would be willing to leave the comfort of your air-conditioned apartment and get sweaty on the subway for 20 minutes en route to the Upper West Side! The lovely Thai-Vietnamese oriented **Rain** is definitely not in my neighborhood - but it is in a pretty part of town, right on the corner of Columbus and 82nd. And, I have to say; it was worth the journey. It is a gorgeous, low-key atmosphere with attentive service and an exotic and creative chef. He's Hurrapan Jr. (his Papa is Jet Hurrapan; the Executive Chef over at Ruby Foo's - the fancy sushi theme park on 77th and Broadway) and you can sense the genetic charge that flavors the food here.

They also offer free munchies for the extremely hungry. Yay! As soon as our butts touched the chairs, large amounts of crispy shrimp chips and spicy peanut sauce were donated to our table. We went through about three bowls of those while perusing the menu. The entrees range from about \$9.95 for traditional Pad Thai to \$22 for a lobster and noodle soiree. I went for middle ground and ordered the Chicken with Cashew nuts (\$12.95). We had to wait a little while for our food, but it was a busy Saturday night, and the fact that they kept bringing on the shrimp chips didn't hurt. Finally my yummys arrived and boy was I happy. The chicken and nuts were snuggled in a little bird's nest made out of dried something. Potatoes? Noodles? I really couldn't tell you, even after attempting to eat it (which I wasn't sure if I was supposed to do.) Anyway, I was very glad I had ordered the sticky rice and found myself inhaling my dinner at a rapid pace. My roommate had Pad Thai with Shrimp and Chicken (does that count as Surf & Turf?) and I tried some and it was good. There were also some cashew nuts in there. Cashews for all!

So it was a good meal. Nobody got drunk and yelled. Nobody hated their food. Nobody complained about anything - parents or children. So I guess you can say that Rain surpassed this unusual challenge and pleased a variety of people who had traveled from near and far on a very hot night.

And, at the end when they brought the bill (which we did not have to pay - oh, the joys of being an adult child) they also brought lots and lots of those spicy chewy ginger candies with the black and white wrappers. You know what I'm talking about. The ones that clear your sinuses. Oh, they are so delicious and they have a dish on the way out full of them. I put about four handfuls in my purse before I was dragged outside. Nothing makes me happier than free candy. I cannot wait for Halloween. See you next time!

F&N Guide

Rain 100 West 82nd Street between Amsterdam and Columbus, 212/501-0776



FLUFF EATS

(RESTAURANTS)

**from Los Angeles
with editor David Dratowka**

Two new places in Silverlake entice residents; They go in droves to explore their pocketbook at one and their social life at the other.

There are two new places in my neighborhood that deserve notice here. **Eat Well** and **Café Stella**. Fluff'n'Nutter is apparently too small to get free palatial sampler meals for its reviewers. Even if they are the editors. So the Fluff'n'Nutter staff can't afford Café Stella prices right now. But that just might give you enough information about whether you want to go or not. It's very pretty there, with tables on the patio and all, but that's all I can tell you. So on to Eat Well.

Why all the hubbub? Eat Well is a glorified coffee shop in the Silverlake neighborhood of Los Angeles. Eat Well (the tag line is something along the lines of "because your mama said so..." but my mama never said that) serves a nice breakfast, and a nice lunch. I've eaten a garden burger there, and a grilled cheese sandwich there. Let's just say they don't have grilled marinated eggplant and peppers with goat cheese. It's grilled cheese with fries or potato salad for somewhere in the neighborhood of \$4.50. That's okay. The grilled cheese was okay. A little greasy. The fries were okay. Not potato-ey enough (like a good, thick steak fry) and not crispy enough. Good crispy fries don't taste like potato. They taste like fries. I'm picky about my fries, and these didn't cut it for me, though when I dipped them in mayonnaise ("how European," my snotty friend remarked), they were better. The garden burger (a couple bucks more than the grilled cheese) I had another day was okay as well. But I have a problem paying for food that I can make at home just as good, or better, as in this case. They also do things like roast turkey or meatloaf and other unassuming—in name, cultural relevance and in flavor (so my meat eating friends tell me)—down home favorites.

But the service, while a tad slow, is great. They employ at least one fine waiter. I'd go to eat there just to have him wait on me. He has the same first name as one person I've dated and a few I've been attracted to. So I might like him just for his name. Or it might be his pecs. The atmosphere, which can get noisy, is Eat Well's best asset (besides those of the waiter). People call to each other from table to table, people stop in from the street to just say hello and so on. If you don't know anyone in the 'hood, you might feel like a loser. But if you wake up too early and eat breakfast at home, but then need a nice lunch, going to Eat Well on Saturday afternoon is surely the new thing to do. The décor is streamlined, utilitarian, and cute. When they mess up an order they are really apologetic. The food is okay. The prices are okay. Overall an okay experience. Not someplace to go to just for the food. But Eat Well is a place that I'm very happy to have in my neighborhood. If just for its presence here.

FnN Guide

Eat Well 3916 Sunset Boulevard, Silverlake, Los Angeles, 323/664-1624

Café Stella 3932 Sunset Boulevard, Silverlake, Los Angeles, 323/666-0265

Amaze

by Mike Albo

The second installment of a serial short story.

To read "Nutmeg," the first installment, order a back copy of FnN.

Irina and I hold Starbucks Frappuccinos and walk to the Grammercy Park Hotel to meet Jay and Deb, a week before Deb went back to Santa Cruz and died in her motorcycle-slamming-into-a-truck-accident. On the street I mention how I was dying, because I have this lump under my left nipple. "Here. Feel it," I say when I'm drunk.

Irina tells me, as we walk up 2nd Avenue, about an old sick woman her mother knew back in Petrograd who stayed in bed, and did not move for weeks. Her daughters fed her and read to her, until one night she passed away, and they removed the sheets. Irina stopped me on the

sidewalk, holding my shoulders toward her, her smooth, round face and blond dye job fixed to her scalp with spray, and in her light-Russian accent said, "Only to find that instead of legs, there were two maggoty, mossy lumps! She had completely molded over!" "Oh my god!" I respond.

I tell her about my friend Julia's mother, who went blind from a mysterious disease that pitched blisters behind her eyes, "and she screamed in pain for a month!" I said, trying to match Irina's theatrics. "Ew!" she blurted, "Could you imagine wanting to have to itch behind your eyes?" "Ew," we both say.

"He's cute," Irina says about a tall man passing us in a brown jumpsuit and a mono-brow, "he looks like a gingerbread man. Hey gingerbread man, come suck on my raisins," she says loudly. Then Irina's eyes, light blue, pupils not yet pin-points, bug through her intricate eye makeup. "There's Lung! Oh, God, should we stop or cross the street?" Lung is German, and wears black spandex pants, linty sweaters and his face is very long. Lung has on a floppy felt hat and carries a white pumpkin. "Hey Reen!" he says, and Irina introduces us, but of course he doesn't remember me. "I got this tuba... I mean pumpkin. Isn't it cool?" he says, this little white ball of paper, or snot, or foamy spit on the tip of his tongue.

"It's white," Irina says, "How amazing." "I wonder why," I say.

"I really really think that everyone should carry around a gourd or a squash or a pumpkin all the time, hahaha." He smiles, then his smile fades, then it comes back. "Are you guys going to a party?" Irina looks at me and I try to pass as much information as I possibly can in a sharp beam of eye. "Yes!" she says, "It's in the Gramercy Park Hotel, room 616." Lung scratches the number on the pumpkin with his long fingernail. He says he will come by later.

The Hotel bar is crammed with people, but Irina wanted a martini. We manage to find seats at a round table by the window. "I love this

i have this
lump under
my left nipple

place," this woman next to me says, "except these seats, they're like junior high library seats. Don't you think that, darling? And the table! What is with this rounded light brown compressed wood? I feel like I'm taking an AP test darling!" She is smoking and has on this frayed, faded jean jacket over a shin length, slippery red slip. She is freckly, freckles on her bottom lip, and she darkened her eyelashes into felt-tipped stubs. She seems still in her 20's; I sense her trust fund.

Irina turns around the opposite direction, talking to a big shaved-head man in a business suit who unashamedly stares at her big breasts that she has crammed into a leopard print bustier. I started telling Jenn (that was her name) how I don't know what I'm doing with my life when she interrupts, "Have you met Will?" and she says, tipping her cigarette to the tubby guy in glasses next to her, holding it the way a person does after coming back from their junior year abroad. "Darling, this is...Michael? Yes, Michael, this is Michael darling." Will had huge lips with spaghetti sauce around the rims, "Um, well, Hi! Huh!" "Darling," Jenn says, "show Michael your letters." Will grins and hands a stack of mail to me. "Will placed a personal ad in the Village Voice and got all this mail." She pats Will on the back. "It's amazing," he says, "because I got a post office box, and every day before I go home to New Jersey I check the box for its contents."

every day i
check the box for
its contents

The letters seem genuine: A man out in Staten Island "with car and carphone," a "visual merchandiser" in Harlem, a 19 year old boy who had just moved here from Trinidad, who sent a picture of himself sitting on a couch, a soccer ball clock above his head. "He's a great kid, huh?" Will beefs up his

grin. "Show him the prisoner's letters!" Jenn whispers loudly. Will, mouth full of pasta from the buffet, reaches over and pushes through the envelopes in my hand, and then pokes one with his finger. "Dear Will," the prisoner wrote in fragile boxes, "I am writing you in respons to your persenal. You sound very nice and that is what I wouldnt mind is a nice guy once in a while. I shud as well go ahead a say that I am 18 and rite now im in jail for a bad check. Im from philly but I dont want to back there. Ive got a big dick and I work out alot especially here. Rite back soon. Sinslerly, Mike."

"I've talked to him, too, on the phone - he's got liberal visiting hours. Of course I am going to be and remain very cautious. He does sound quite sweet though. His homelife was just horrid. he's got such an incredibly sexy voice. Really gruff as if he had smoked a lot."

"In those little eighteen year old lungs!" Jenn slips in, nudging close to me. She smells a little like formaldehyde. I suddenly remember this amazing story I overheard on the subway that I hadn't told anyone, but Irina whips around to us. "I just heard the most amazingly bizarre thing," she says, "Did you know that someone jumped out of the hotel yesterday?"

"He landed right in front of this window as we were sitting here,"

Will jumps in and exalts, pointing his fork.

"I wasn't as disgusted as I thought I would be," Jenn holds her cigarette arm with her other hand like a limp cripple limb. "I felt like a... like Quincy!"

"There wasn't much blood, in actuality. And basically they washed it off pretty efficiently in my opinion," Will says.

"I heard he wore no shoes!" Irina sings. She stands up and pulls up her bustier, grabs her black sheep coat and tells us all we have to go up to Deb's room right away and look down for perspective.

In the bright surgical light of the elevator, I study the intricacies of Irina's makeup while she sings Olivia Newton John's "With a Little More Love." Her bit of blush and blended base, no flaws to it on her face, and then its slight, gradual receding into her platinum hair like a vacation beach.

.....
she holds a
waist-high red
bong out to me
.....

"You look tired," Deb says to me. "It's my lump, I'm dying," I say, and she feels it while we stand in the doorway. "It's really really knotty," she says. She grew up in Heavenly, California, but had an accent that seemed satirical and false: long vowels, overpronounced suffixes and r's that periodically increased and ebbed, a painstaking study of the surf. "Heere try my bong." She holds a waist-high red bong out to me. I walk in the room holding it like a didgeridoo or a long bouquet. Her hotel room nightstand, a leafy ficus, a bursting, geometric collage on the wall. Andrew and Haight, two stylists that work with Jay, sit in the corner loveseat, bowing over the new Versace catalog. I sit on the opposite couch, light and suck the long bong. A cut open, melting, brown ice cream cake is lumped in the middle of the room on the glass coffee table, held up only by its dry chocolate gravel and jimmies.

"My mother had a tumor right between her eyes? Under her nose? They had to cut the top of her head and peeeel her face down to remove it. She looks good though, because she decided to get a face lift while she was there."

Will, standing behind us, hears her, "I know this girl who was in Europe and she was actually in France and she had this French Beau, and she didn't menstruate for like two months and then she called her mother and told her she might be pregnant and her mother told her to come home and they would administer an abortion here, so they arranged the flight, and she cancelled all her classes and de-enrolled from her studies and then subsequently went home and she was strangely, incredibly huge in her stomach area, and they went to the doctor and found out it was a tumor, and they pulled out this amazing tumor the size of a watermelon."

"My boyfriend at Exeter had a lump on his back that he had removed. He called it his brother, because did you know, of all things, that tumors usually have nails and hair and teeth in them darling?" Jenn adds. There

is a clean, thick gap after Jenn's sentence, and I flush with the opportunity to talk, "Oh my god! I was on the subway—"

"My childhood friend who lived next door?" Haight breaks in, "His father, Mr. Delgadcio? He is dying of cancer - this is really sad, sorry, but—he's dying of cancer and it's been such a long, awful thing. He was like cancer in the brain cancer and it had eaten away to her like nerves or something and he was moaning all the time because he was in constant pain, and then he went deaf, and then like the cancer ate the pain receptacles in his brain, so it's even sadder because he is totally in bliss now because he can't feel a thing!

That's awful, Irina says, sadly, and walks into the bedroom calling Jay's name. The stylists bow back over the catalog. Deb turns to me and feels my nipple again, "Hi little one," she says. Her lips were deep, grape, like she drank and drank grape Tang. She had on a spiked red haired wig and she was essentially topless, wearing a sheet see-through purple nightie that stopped below her black bikini brief covered crotch. She told me how in the philosophy class she teaches in Santa Cruz they've been reading Richard Rorty and how she's been connecting her ecofeminist dissertation to his work "about the way he disenchants you from envisioning one meta-eutopia and instead offers that we should envision endless utopias, millions of them, a proliferaaaayshun of

freedom," then a silent moment, which I begin to devise as a silence all mine, a silence to be filled, in which I could breathe and then speak. Irina approaches us, "Jay has a surprise for you," she sings to me. "Where is he?" I ask. I am in love with Jay. "In the bedroom, go, go," she scolds, slipping in my seat as she pushes me out of it. Her eyes are finally huge and baby blue, her pupils pin points.

"Mike do you want a bump of coke?" Jay abruptly says, grabbing my hand into sweaty his, leading me to the bathroom. "The door doesn't lock, hold it shut. Andrew and Haight will try to weasel their way in here and I'm

not giving those bloodsucking queens anything," he says, unbuttoning his suede pants. He pees and I hold the door shut like an emergency is occurring. "Wait! Mike! Is this like the month I met you, pretty much? Didn't we meet in DC like in December last year? God wow so much has happened my dear. I love your top. You always wear such major sheer things, with the seams showing. Very fall. No very next fall. You are fashion clairvoyance." He says, lifting up his tight black shirt. "Am I getting fat? Tell me the truth." I looked at his thick torso, its blond hair stubbled from shaving his chest. No I say. he cocks his head and stares at me for a long moment. His face is beautiful - oval nostrils, big big blue eyes, moth perfectly folded like a catering napkin.

They are creaming me at Le Men Magazine," he says, "Paul is such a fuck to me. He yelled at me endlessly today for like an hour because I forgot to call and confirm this stupid shoot we're doing with Tia Carrere." He scoops a tiny white pile with his key for me. I snort it up in my undeviated sinus passage. "Be sure to hold the door shut. Irina is bound to try to get in and get some more. She is insatiable,"

i
am in
love
with
jay

he says, heating a spoon, filling a syringe.

I talk the entire time, finally, finally telling Jay about my subway ride yesterday. I sat by this man who had thin curly hair cut strangely square on his head, who read for two stops until this girl boarded. They both squealed and hadn't seen each other in like a year, and they sat down together. The girl was so perky that I wanted to kick her.

She said she hadn't seen him since the fire and how was he doing. He said fine, much better, and with an inappropriate, syrupy, uplifting tone, she told him how she said that Lauren was walking by his house when it happened. Lauren didn't know what was up and saw all these firetrucks outside of it, and Lauren ran toward them and saw two firemen just resting him to the ground, and Nelson approached her and she and Nelson watched him get CPR and get driven off in the Medivac. Geoff (that was his name, Geoff, like geode, you pronounce the 'e') told her about the fire. He was at home in his new apartment and he was so excited to be living in a new place and he put up these flowing white curtains and place candles in the sills, and he was reading this book about the author's coming to terms with cancer and how the author traveled to Israel and walked in the desert. And Geoff said he fell asleep he said the curtains caught on fire and spread very fast, spreading throughout the room. He was asleep and the smoke slowly debilitated him. He said he distinctly remembers walking in the desert, trudging deep in dunes, like up a hill, getting very tired, getting weaker and weaker. I literally fell into my book, Geoff said, and then all he remembers is waking in the Medivac, bouncing over potholes Isn't that amazing I say.

I WAS
suddenly
hyper-aware
of my body

Jay looks at me in a shallow, collecting gaze. "I love you," he says.

"Oh, and I love you," I say immediately, patting him on the art. I decided, in that half-second before responding, that he didn't mean love; he meant amazing - amazing the way friends or appetizers are amazing, and I thank myself for remaining flat and observant with him.

We left the bathroom, and Irina moves toward Jay like a contemporary dancer or supermagnet. With grace, they slide onto the daffy, quilted bed, Irina curling into Jay's soft-muscled torso. She sits there, in front of him on the bed in her leopard print, her eyes lifting and closing, lifting and closing into the underbrush of her blackened eyelashes.

Do you feel it? Joe asks. Not really, I say. I wasn't sure. I was giving myself a deep inspection, which made me feel high in itself, since I was suddenly hyper-aware of my body. "We should get more nutmeg."

I enter the other room, and Andrew is talking about how "I just heard this thing about how my dentist was putting up windchimes on his deck out back and he was up on a ladder and he was hammering and he hit it wrong or something and just fell off the ladder and over the side of

the deck and hit the ground just a story down and died." I move over to the window.

"Well my friend Scott saw one on 13th Street, he heard her scream and then she hit a tree and fell to the street or concrete and when Scott came close she still moved. He looked up and saw a man with a wet head back away from the window frame," Will says. Lung is there, sitting next to Will, and tries to say something, but instead scoops solid parts of the ice cream cake into his mouth. Lung, who sucks the pigment out of pumpkins.


Haight adds that his friend Debbie saw a body fall really fast from the Warwyck, diving behind a Honda. "She thought it was like a scarecrow," he says, somehow logically thrown from a floating farm above her. The dolly body crumpled in a loose blouse fluff. Debbie came close, "and she noticed there was no blood but fluid and it like shadowed the ground around her."

"When I was werking at this stoopid place called the Roasted Beeeean, this guy who was painting above the store, fell off his scaffolding and bounced onto electric wires and he was electrocuted instantly, and he landed at the glass entrance and blocked the exit. He was steeeeeaming. There was this really bright flash when he hit the wires, and I thought it was a nuclear war."

The dolly body
crumpled in a loose
blouse fluff.

"I saw a body when I was on an escalator," Lung swallows and says, "I saw something in my peripheral vision, and then I heard it smack on the street outside. It popped like a paper bag."

Did yours pop like that?"

"Oh! It was so loud in the bar I don't know if he popped or not!" Jenn says, moving next to me to see if she could find the spot he fell to. I notice she has colored contacts. They dot-matrix her eyes into comic book newsprint green. "I swear on a holy stack of Bibles that we saw him minutes before weaving drunk past all the tables in the bar downstairs. And then he went upstairs and jumped, and I swear swear swear I saw his scooped little hand was holding those cheddar goldfish or dinner mints or something. Will Darling, didn't he? But he was wearing a business suit and he looked deflated and his face seemed spread with a gray frosting oil...he wasn't wearing shoes. Will right? He didn't right?" She said, and smiles, looking for Irina. We talk some more, and I tell my smoke inhalation story again, this time edited down to a few sentences: Geoff burning, sleeping, dreaming, waking. We ask Jenn and Will for more details about the man who jumped, and then details about who else was in the bar at the time, and then details about the day, details about the police, details about the stain on the cement, details on the awning he almost hit, details on the way the crowd gathered around, until we all could have repeated the story back like alphabets or dance steps or the Preamble. 

My Boyfriend's Wearing Frozen Pants
by Jennifer Prediger

I thought it was the death of romance
When You Started Wearing Frozen Pants
and I sobbed because you'd gone frigid
When you picked up my chin and said
"Don't worry baby.
The frozen pants just make me harder."

A TWO MINUTE PLAY FOR A LARGE STAGE

BY DAVID DRATEWKA

Black stage. Congas beat slowly for 15 seconds. Then they stop for 5. Pin spot on a woman dressed in a halter top and huge red lips. She speaks with amazing strength and conviction.

STAGE MANAGER

When this play begins you will be taken to a different world. One of fascination, wonder and regret.

When this play ends you will go home and piss. You won't want to piss here.

Sometime in the middle we will beat you black and blue, creating gashes in your flesh that we will rub sea salt into, and then splooge mayonaise into, so that you might feel not only pain but grease.

Three-quarters of the way through we will come into the audience and curse, spitting as we speak to you, rifle through your purses, take your feminine napkins and shove them up our asses.

Enjoy the show. Make sure you join our mailing list before you leave.

The spot on the stage manager stays on as she leaves to reveal a vase on a pedestal behind her. Slides of various Greek antiquities. Music plays, a zither. Slide changes to video of live goat with grass out of both sides of its mouth, chewing and with red eyes. The vase explodes, blackout and music change to heavy loud electronic music incorporating the sound of people yelling on city streets. Lights up behind a scrim as abstract slides are projected at various sizes in many different colors on the back wall. A man is suspended from the ceiling on a visible thick rope. A man enters and jumps up to grab him by the feet. A third person runs and grabs the bottom person's feet while running and lets go to fly off into the wings. Music and lights out. Lights up on cafe table.

MARIA

Hola, Maria, how are jew.

MARIA 2

Bien, Maria, y jew?

MARIA

Ah, jew know.

MARIA 2

Ay, Maria, sabes que Ricky Martin es un joto?

MARIA

Ay, of course he is. Con Oscar de la hoyá.

MARIA 2

No.

MARIA

Jes. My girlfriend Maria told me so.

MARIA 2

With violence in mind. The accent is gone.

Fuck you, bitch.

MARIA

Ay.

Her word "ay" resonates through the theatre at full volume. It does not express urgency. Lights change on the ladies as they slowly turn out and stand up in unison through the following. Two men enter behind the scrim, and two in front. The two in front box in full boxing outfits. The two behind violently kiss, occasionally throwing each other down to the ground, grabbing fistfuls of ass on the way back up.

They bite at each others' crotches through their jeans. Slides of daisies in the fields. Music of FM radio stations scanning through the dial in spanish. The ladies are standing now and take off their coats to reveal halter tops like the stage manager. They dance like in a music video. The stage manager soon enters and joins them in the dance.

Blackout and music out. Then video on the scrim: the moment when Madonna and Ricky Martin hug after the Grammys and she talks about how cute he is. The vase explodes again (sound only). Lights up on the Marias.

MARIA (cont'd)

Why else would Madonna touch him like that if he wasn't a fag.

Blackout and lights up on stage manager, as at first.

STAGE MANAGER

Thank you for coming, but before you leave some words from the playwright

Lights out. An ominous low note plays. Sitar joins the note and childrens voices are added before a slide of a 1965 Cadillac convertible rises on the back wall. A spot of light illuminates a microphone on stand down left. A voice comes from above.

PLAYWRIGHT

This play was not intended to upset you. This play was designed to get a little under your skin and make you think. Breathe. And listen.

Try to understand. Go home. Sleep with your teddy bear and clutch it tight. Because tonight. You'll need it.

A sudden change in his tone of voice.

Thank you!

End of play.

coarse the air and crisp granules
they say it is all rock worn to
stone perhaps glass counting that
high you might encounter the eye of
God the spray catching how the sun
clinging the ineffable and if
nirvana were nothing more than the
hypnotic rush of blue upon black it
is too too much scuttling
sidewinding useless appendages
numbed and in shadow under a craggy
rock this most beautiful beautiful
monster clinging if only one could
swallow the world whole one would
think the shifting of what nameless
here an extant phrase an antiquity
in a dizzying if we could embark
crest the green gold blue white
violet before what nothing on
emight suppose nothing nothing at
all only the horizon shrinking
further from view wrapping itself
around the shoulders of the earth
in ancient times she held to son
walking where the foam resolved
into what the very idea that
polyglot should inhabit that bit of
salt and air the tangle grasping at
ankles clinging in the high places
the forsaken garden a purple with
long fingers opened its belly to be
forever in limbo adrift catching at
morsels clinging but ah the
serenity of being part of the one
which is all the eternity of what
defies the ability to be thought
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f o r e a r l y f a l l 1 9 9 9

german films. french films
madonna and goverment. hillary and government
yellow-based reds blue-based reds
shimmer glitter
christina aguilera brittany spears
women's hockey women's soccer
radio news. on-line news
codependence loneliness
denver miami
play-doh legos
independence from dominant culture. star wars
unnaturally colored highlights blonde streaks
anything refering to fluff'n'nutter . . anything refering to george or talk
closed mike readings with quality open mike readings with crap
flat chests fake breasts
soft guys hard guys
thrifty cheap
rum gin
bougainvillea lantana
heavily ornamented hair jewelry butterfly hair clips
that new gap ad that old gap ad
shakira ricky martin, unless he comes over tonight
theater performance art
red headed models white brunette girls
elaine ally
my ass other white asses
love making do
contentment floudering
peace restlessness
death fighting
change. growth
present past and future



David Dratewka and Nancy Agabian
Photo by Angela Barnes

Staff:

David Dratewka, Publisher, Editor and Designer

Michael Newman, Staff Illustrator

Nancy Agabian, Mike Albo, Cynhthia De Santis and Angela Kang, Staff Contributors

Chloe Howard, New York Correspondent

Nicholas Arens, Staff Photographer and Production Assistant

Special Thanks:

Christopher Quimming, Jennifer Price-Letscher, Alex Schmidt, Book Bound Bookstore in Silverlake, Koma Books and Skylight Books in Los Feliz, the MOCA Store in Downtown Los Angeles, Highways and Cynthia DeSantis in Santa Monica, and Beyond Baroque in Venice. Support your local independent bookstores.

Submission Information:

Submissions are of course welcomed; the deadlines are ongoing. The next issue, November/December, 1999, has a holiday theme. Please submit accordingly. Submissions can be mailed to 1546 Golden Gate Avenue, No. 106, Los Angeles, CA 90026. Electronic submissions are always preferred and should be directed to fluffxine@yahoo.com. For return of visual-based works, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Fluff'n'Nutter and its staff make no guarantee for the safety or return for any materials. Fluff'n'Nutter is currently seeking man or gal-about-town in Minneapolis and Miami, and performing and visual art scene profilers in New York and Minneapolis. E-mail today for more information.

Fluff'n'Nutter is also available for purchase by mail. Contact via e-mail: fluffxine@yahoo.com or address listed above. Price is \$4, including shipping and handling. Back issues available for \$6, including shipping and handling. Fluff'n'Nutter would like to be sold on-line in Adobe Acrobat format. Technical assistance and web hosting needed. Please e-mail today to earn your place of honor in the annals of Fluff history.

Fluff'n'Nutter was produced on a Macintosh G3 Powerbook. They are great. Go get one. Notebook paper came in handy too. Lots of fonts were used, including many by font genius Chank. Visit him and support him at www.chank.com. Masthead font is his font 'senor pooglins.' In yearbooks in high school they got really serious about this colophon shit, but Fluff'n'Nutter isn't really consistent enough to justify this. I wonder if someday Fluff'n'Nutter will be bought out by Tina Brown. She'll say "David, darling, you're brilliant. You are subverting the form that I am creating. Please. Work for me." I'll say "No, Tina. I can't. Fluff'n'Nutter is my life." She'll say "Fine, you arrogant genius. I'll publish your magazine. Worldwide distribution and a four-color cover. And you can be a style contributor to *Talk*." I'll say "Okay."

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